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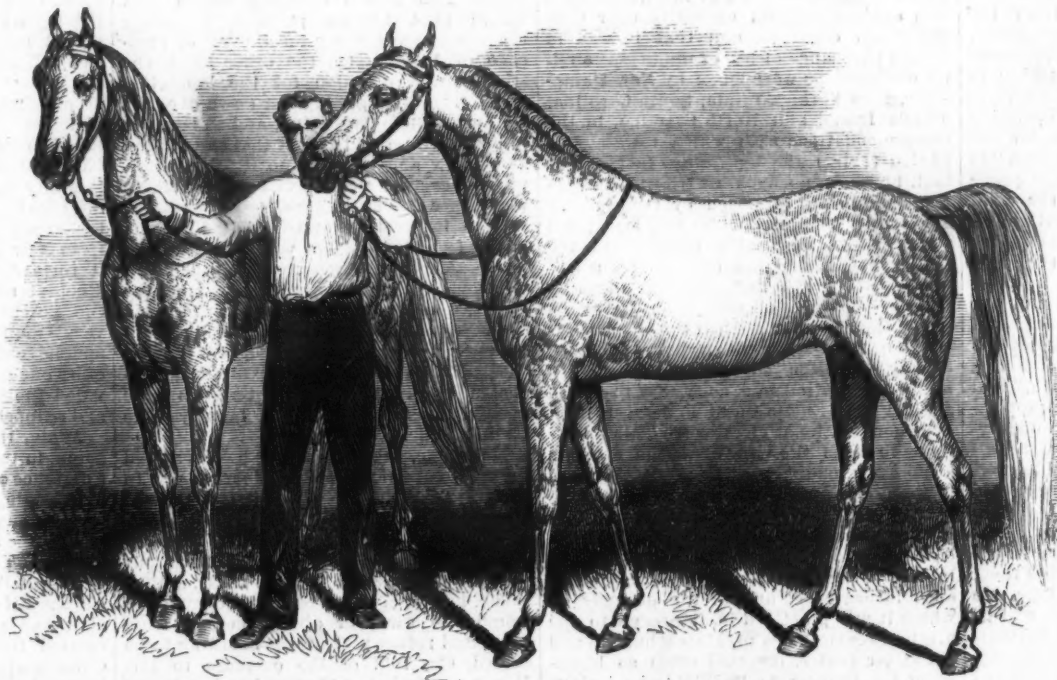
NEW YORK, JUNE 21, 1879.

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THE SULTAN'S GIFT TO GENERAL GRANT.

WHEN General Grant called upon the Sultan at Constantinople he was invited to inspect the great stud of horses in the imperial stables, and, from his well-known fondness for fine horse-flesh, it may be imagined with what interest the ex-President examined the "points" of the 1,600 pure Arab steeds. Appreciating the attention, and sympathizing with the delight, of the General, the Sultan ordered that two of the best horses should be selected from the stud as a present to his guest. The horses chosen, beautiful dapple-grays, of the Saktan race, found only in and near Bagdad, were shipped on board the British steamer *Norman Monarch* by the officers of the American Legation, and reached Canal Dock, New Haven, on Wednesday, May 28th. They are named "Djeytan" (the Panther) and "Missirli" (the One from Cairo).

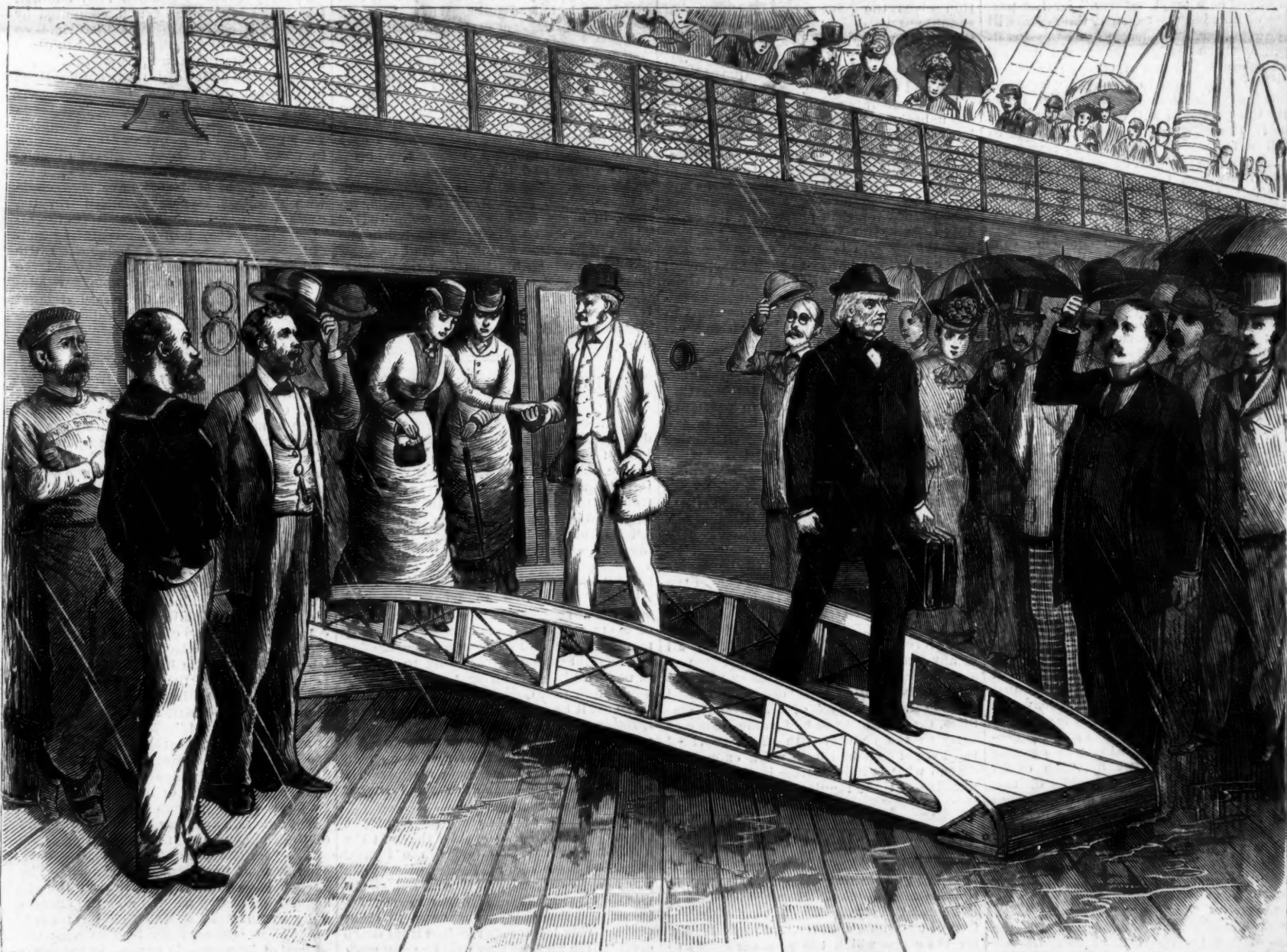
The horses are consigned to General Beale, formerly United States Minister to Austria, and now of Chester, Pa., who sent Major John Lovett to New Haven to transfer them to temporary quarters in Suffolk



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE ARAB HORSES "DJEYTAN" AND "MISSIRLI," PRESENTED BY THE SULTAN OF TURKEY TO GENERAL GRANT, NOW AT SUFFOLK PARK, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. M. DE SILVA, OF NEW HAVEN.

Park, Philadelphia. During the three-days' trotting meeting there last week the horses were led out on the track by two attendants dressed in Oriental costume, and, as the animals marched past the grand stand, the large audience gave vent to lusty cheers. At the close of the races the horses were taken to General Beale's farm, near Chester. It is not yet announced whether they will remain there until General Grant's return from Europe, or be sent at once to his stables at Galena, Ill., although, as his cottage at Long Branch is being hurriedly prepared for his reception, it is quite probable the Arabians will be taken thither, for the latter part of the season at least.

They are six and seven years old, of an even height, fifteen hands high, with a coat that is singularly delicate and as soft as velvet; white, silken tail reaching to the ground; and a mane that is wavy but not long. The heads are rather small, but the faces have an intelligent expression. They have large, soft and lustrous black eyes; small, well-set, restless ears; and in the distended nostrils the finest Arabian blood is shown. They have a gentle disposition, and can be approached and petted like children.



NEW YORK CITY.—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND FAMILY LANDING FROM THE CUNARD STEAMER "SCYTHIA," JUNE 3D.—SEE PAGE 263.

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CAUTION.

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THE PENDING POLITICAL ISSUE.

It is announced that the caucus committee of the Democratic majority in Congress, in seeking an exit from the pending political impasse, have determined, if possible, to turn the strategic positions which they have thus far been unable to capture from a recalcitrant President. It is proposed to pass an Army Appropriation Bill prohibiting any expenditures for the subsistence or transportation of troops "to be used as a police-force to keep the peace at the polls"; a Bill extending the chief Legislative, Executive and Judicial appropriations of 1878 for one year from the 30th instant (with a provision for the payment of arrearages of pensions out of the \$10,000,000 held for the redemption of the fractional currency); and a supplemental Judicial Bill which makes appropriations for the expenses of the United States Courts, which repeals the "test-oath," and which not only omits to make appropriations for supervisors, marshals and deputy-marshals to guard and scrutinize Congressional elections, but carefully provides that there shall be no diversion of other appropriations, or liabilities contracted, with a view to the compensation of such officers.

Supposing these Bills to be passed in the shape above indicated, and supposing them to receive the President's signature, we may say that the resulting situation will be as follows: The laws of Congress regulating elections would remain on the statute-book, but their execution would be nullified so far as relates to the "supervision" of the polls by Federal officers. We incline to think that the prohibition of troops to be employed as a "police-force," for the purpose of keeping the peace at the polls, will not encounter the objections of the President, as there is a well-recognized distinction between the use of troops to perform "police duty" and to suppress "insurrections" or rebellions—with which latter duty the proposed Bill does not interfere. But if the effect of the caucus measures shall be to remove "the military issue" out of the pending political campaign, it is only just to say that they will accentuate and emphasize the points of difference between the two parties with regard to the supervision of national elections. The Democrats will go before the people declaring that there shall be no paid supervision of such elections, even when the laws provide for it. The Republicans will go before the people declaring that such supervision is not only constitutional, but that it is necessary; and that the Democrats, in evading the obligations imposed by existing statutes, have worked a partial nullification of the statutes which they were unable to repeal, and which they refuse to amend in a satisfactory manner. It seems, therefore, an appropriate occasion to review the history of opinion on a topic which, in any event, is likely to play an important part in the future politics of the country.

That omitting the question of the power of Congress under the Constitution to make regulations of its own and to alter those made by the States as to the conduct of Congressional elections, and confining our view to the question of expediency raised as to the mode and degree of its exercise, "a great deal may be said on both sides," will be apparent to the candid reader who studies the progress of thought on this subject. In this light it will be seen that it is equally idle to deny the constitutional power of the Federal Government on the conduct of Congressional elections, and to deny that the proper exercise of this power is a matter of just sensibility to the States and the people. When the Constitution was pending before the States on the question of its adoption, the conceded existence of this power was made the ground of a vehement and concerted opposition to its ratification. The enemies of the Constitution predicted that under the power of "regulating" elections for members of Congress, the Federal Government would speedily pave a way for the extinction of State independence, and for the establishment of a national consolidated Government on the ruins of "State sovereignty." The friends of the Constitution held that the allowance of this power was necessary in order to as-

sure the perpetuity of the Government, if against nothing else, at least against the inaction of the State Legislatures, which, if this matter were remitted to their exclusive control, might doom the Federal Government to destruction by simply refusing or neglecting to choose Senators or to provide for the election of Representatives. It was admitted, however, by Madison and others, that Congress would, in all probability, never exercise this jurisdiction unless the States should make it necessary by their laches in the premises.

But not satisfied with this disclaimer, a majority of the States ratified the Constitution with an express recommendation that the Constitution should be so amended as to provide that Congress should not exercise the power of "regulating" Congressional elections except "in cases where a State shall neglect or refuse to make the regulations mentioned in the fourth section of the first article, or shall make regulations subversive of the rights of the people to a free and equal representation in Congress." It may surprise some readers to learn that Massachusetts led the way in this declaration against Federal authority over Congressional elections, and that it was in simple pursuance of her example that similar declarations were made by New Hampshire, New York, Virginia, South Carolina, Rhode Island and North Carolina, in the recommendations with which they accompanied their ratifying Acts. In point of fact, however, no such restrictive amendment was ever proposed by Congress or adopted by the States under this head; and seeing, as we do, that a majority of the States, comprising the most populous and influential in the number, had formally placed themselves on record, at the origin of the Government, against the primary exercise of this contingent power by Congress, it may have been judged that no constitutional prohibition was necessary to guard against the assumption of Federal control over Congressional elections. This seems to have been the view of Judge Story in accounting for the abstinence of Congress in the premises.

But, whatever may be the explanation, it is certain that Congress forbore to exercise this power down to the present decade in our history. And in the presence of such forbearance, and of the grounds on which it was practiced in deference to the original sensibilities of Massachusetts and her sister States, it would seem as legitimate for Democrats in 1879 to be jealous of undue Federal intrusion in National elections, as it was for Massachusetts in 1787. As it cannot be denied that the Constitution gives the power in question, so it should not be denied that the practice of the Government, down to a late day, proves that the propriety of exercising the power, or of not exercising it, is a question of time, place and circumstance.

The Democrats now propose to recur to the unbroken practice which, prior to 1870, left the regulation of Congressional elections to the exclusive control of the States. The Republicans propose, in the words of President Hayes, to demand "greater vigor both in the enactment and enforcement of laws framed for that purpose." Hence, it only remains for the Democrats to show that the Federal laws are as unnecessary now as they were prior to their enactment; and it will be for the Republicans to show that their enactment has become both necessary and proper. That it is competent to criticize the existing statutes without exposure to the charge of sympathizing with the heresy of "State supremacy," is made plain by the remark of President Hayes when he says, in his veto message, that "any oppression, any partisan partiality which experience may have shown in the working of existing laws may well engage the attention of Congress," and if instead of seeking to repeal these laws, or practically to nullify them altogether, the Democrats had proposed to amend them where they work inequality and injustice, a fair ground might have been laid for an effective contention. It is an abuse that under existing laws the marshals and deputy-marshals may all be of one party, and that under the administration of the laws they have sometimes been selected from partisan "strikers" and "fuglemen." If, instead of breaking their forces against the principle of all or any Federal supervision over Congressional elections, the Democrats had leveled their blows against the "oppression" and "partisan partiality" of the present statutes, they might have had some chance of carrying the country with them, provided the Republicans had been weak enough to defend what is indefensible in the unequal working of these regulations.

WHAT MANIA IS THIS?

THE trial of Miss Lillian Duer for shooting and killing Miss Ella Hearn, in the quaint and quiet little neighborhood of Pokomoke, Maryland, is exciting the attention of the whole country. And well it may, for the crime which the prisoner seems to have committed is so strange as to be really unique in the annals of jurisprudence.

The outward and obvious facts are now pretty well known; it is the facts that have been thus far concealed for which the public is on the *qui vive*. This is the way the case looks superficially: The two girls were not merely intimate friends, but inseparable companions. Miss Duer, when the shooting was done last November, was twenty-one; Miss Hearn was seventeen. A younger sister of the victim swears that the two were in each other's society every day for three years previous. Suddenly Miss Hearn evinced a disinclination to go out walking alone with her friend, and the latter was seriously angered. Next day she called on Ella and repeated her urgent request that she would accompany her to "the woods." She refused. "Do you love any man?" asked Lillian, resentfully. Ella declined to answer. Lillian renewed her urgent invitation to "go walking," but Ella declined. Then the former drew a revolver, coolly cocked it, and amid the supplications of Ella upon her knees, shot her through the head, inflicting a wound from which she died a month later. Before her death, Ella Hearn carefully stated that Lillian shot her on purpose, repeating the allegation in every form, even in presence of Lillian. On the other hand, she still showed affection for the homicide, kissing her and pulling her down over the bed, where she lay dying, and whispering to her. Lillian said at first that she "didn't know how she came to do it," but afterwards declared that it was accidental, to which plea she still clings.

Here it must be stated that Ella was rather fragile and *petite*, while her companion was large and strong, and that the latter assumed mannish airs and ways, smoking cigars, wearing clothes of peculiar pattern, tipping her hat to friends, despising feminine weaknesses and dependence, playing baseball, and jumping and exhibiting boyish ways. These characteristics have excited much comment and inquiry since the homicide.

Meantime, other elements have entered into this celebrated case. There seems to have been half-a-dozen girls in the circle of affection of which Ella and Lillian were members. These are to be called as witnesses to tell their story of this dangerous platonic attachment. One of these, a Miss Webb, has received an offer of money if she would run away or absent herself from court and refuse to testify. Scorning to be bribed, she told of the overture to Mr. Hearn, the father of the murdered girl, who met the person making the offer and would have slain him had it not been for the interference of bystanders. What is it that this girl is expected to tell? What story can be worth an attempt at bribery and a risk of death?

It is but to be added that Lillian Duer seems to show poignant grief at the death of her friend—the same grief that is usually shown over the loss of one slain, by a man or woman, on account of jealousy. Every day now the trial goes on down the east shore of Maryland, and every day the mystery deepens and the solution apparently approaches. The crime is a strange one, almost beyond parallel. Occasionally, indeed, in every land, women, enamored of each other, seek to be legally united in the bonds of matrimony, but an act of frenzied passion like this, between two respectable girls, is almost if not quite unprecedented. The question now is whether it is a new crime calling for new classification, or whether it is an old and familiar crime in masquerade.

RAILWAY DISCRIMINATIONS.

THE policy of the great railway corporations of the country, affecting as it does every public interest, is fairly a subject of criticism. Now, more than ever before, these corporations control the internal commerce of the country. They put transportation rates up and down at pleasure, and, except at competing points, burden productions by severe and discriminating charges at their own sweet wills. The volume of business, in fact, is made contingent upon the cost of transporting commodities from and to localities. This element of cost enters into the calculation of every producer from the soil, of every manufacturer, and of every man engaged in commercial pursuits. Looking to success in undertakings requiring the use of both labor and capital, each and all require that there shall be a reasonable stability in the maintenance of transportation rates, as well as a fairness in their adjustment. But under the existing state of affairs no man can be safe. Railway managers constantly interfere with his calculations, and oftener bring him evil than good.

Illustrations of the methods employed are easily supplied. Consider this: At the beginning of the past month, the freight charge on flour from St. Louis to New York was forty-six cents per barrel. Before the month closed the charge per barrel, between the same points, was down to eight cents. This latter rate resulted from sharp competition and, as may well be presumed, fell short of bringing gain to the companies engaged in the movement. But

while the shippers at St. Louis profited by the cutting of rates, those of other localities sustained a corresponding injury. It cannot be otherwise than that favoritism to a few business points must prove detrimental to the interests of other trade centres. And it is equally plain that discrimination of this sort must affect the stability of business generally, and, as a consequence, impair the public prosperity.

But whatever losses the great trunk lines may incur by warring with each other at competing points, their managers take excellent care to repair such losses by exaction of heavy tribute upon the trade of other localities. They never go to war at their own expense, and, if St. Louis and Chicago become favored points, the business men of New York and other cities are obliged to make good any resulting deficit to the corporation treasuries. We are indebted to a commercial contemporary for a vast array of facts touching this very point, and affecting peculiarly the people of New York State.

The City of Rochester, on the line of the New York Central road, is a competing point. Its distance from this city, by rail, is 372 miles. While the freight-rate between Rochester and New York is 12 cents per 100 pounds, shippers at Fairport, distance 362 miles, and those at Little Falls, distance 217 miles from this city, are taxed from 21 to 28 cents per 100 pounds. Canandaigua is twenty-eight miles nearer to this city than Rochester. A Canandaigua merchant pays eight cents per 100 pounds for sugar from Rochester and 28 cents from New York. But this same sugar, he it remarked, is carried from this city to Rochester for 12 cents per 100 pounds. He can purchase his sugar in Rochester at a very small advance on New York prices, and have it carried home at a saving of quite one-quarter of the freight charge, provided the sugar had been purchased here and shipped direct to Canandaigua.

Again, the freight-rate for cheese from Elgin, in the State of Illinois, to New York, a distance of more than one thousand miles, is 30 cents per 100 pounds, but the dairymen of Delaware County, in New York State, are charged 65 cents per hundred for a distance of one hundred and sixty-five miles.

The distance from Chicago to New York via the Erie Railroad is nine hundred and sixty-one miles. While that corporation carried freight the whole distance from Chicago at a charge of fifteen cents per one hundred pounds, shippers of milk only fifty or sixty miles from New York, were forced to pay fifty-five cents per hundred pounds. The freight-charge equaled fully one-half the value of the milk, and, computed by distance, it cost more than fifty times as much to get it to market as it did to carry products from Chicago to New York.

The unjust policy of railway corporations is made manifest by other methods equally injurious to business. One of these methods is to discriminate in favor of large shippers. They are given rates out of all proportion to those charged small shippers of merchandise from the same localities. For instance, special contracts have been made with certain shippers at Utica for ten cents per one hundred pounds, while all others pay a charge of fifty cents per hundred on the same class of goods. At Little Falls the special rates to jobbers and large dealers have been twenty cents per hundred, while the regular table rate stood at forty-six cents. Evidence of like character against the corporations might be supplied almost *ad infinitum*.

On a recent occasion we referred to the injury accruing to New York from railway discrimination against its trade. Is it not time that the press of the metropolis should raise a united protest against the impositions constantly practiced by corporations created as common carriers, but whose managers seem to have forgotten the duties they owe to the public as its servants.

EVENTS ABROAD.

WHEN Lord Beaconsfield came into power, five years ago, the word went round that now England would have a "spirited foreign policy." Considering Beaconsfield's past, and character and party, it was an easy prediction to make, and has been fulfilled to the heart's content of the bellicose class of Britons. Beaconsfield's policy has been nothing if not "foreign"; and, for the most part, it has been very expensively "spirited." No sooner has he patched up a pretty satisfactory peace with the Afghans, and retrieved, to some degree at least, the early disasters in Zululand, than a cloud-speck of quarrel arises between the two powers which, for some twenty years, have posed in the characters of the Damon and Pythias of nations.

The "foreign policy" extends, it seems, even to an embroilment with France. The French have grumbled much over the sly acquisition of Cyprus, and now are exceedingly wroth with England's course regarding Egypt, and scarcely less so with the refusal of Beaconsfield to sustain the cause of the Greeks. There is, of course, no very near prospect of war between the two

countries; but the present unpleasantness is significant as the first interruption of relations which have been, ever since the Free Trade Treaty, of the closest and friendliest nature.

A notable figure in English politics passes out of sight in Baron Lionel Rothschild, who, at the time of his death, was the head of the famous banking-house in England. Baron Lionel was the first Jew who was admitted to a seat in Parliament, which event occurred somewhat more than twenty years ago, he having been chosen by the City of London. He was a quiet, rather imposing old gentleman, a staunch Liberal, who seldom troubled the House with speeches, but won everybody's respect by his good sense and breadth of view. One of his daughters not long ago married the Earl of Rosebery, one of the most promising young statesmen and one of the most ardent sportsmen in England.

Almost simultaneously with the disappearance of Baron Lionel from the House, a still more romantic figure entered it. This was The O'Gorman Mahon, now rather elderly, but still an interesting type of the old-fashioned, pugnacious, adventurous Celtic chief. He began life as one of O'Connell's "fighting brigade," fifty years ago, and regularly shot his man at fifteen paces, on occasion. The O'Gorman Mahon was not sated by his exploits in the Old World, but came to the New, where his warlike traits won him, first, the command in chief of the Peruvian army, and then Lord High Admiral of the Chilean fleet. He is returned to Parliament by County Clare, in time to join briskly in the Home Rule fight, in which he is sure to be conspicuous.

That inveterate old revolutionist, Blanqui, is not in favor, it seems, even with the out-and-out Republican powers that now rule France. Though past seventy, the fiery old agitator is serving a term of imprisonment for active participation in the Commune eight years ago. Meanwhile, the radical electors of Bordeaux had chosen him a Deputy. Of course the radicals in the Chamber took up his cause, insisted that he should be amnestied and admitted to his seat, and threatened the Cabinet with secession unless they yielded to these demands. But M. Waddington and his colleagues stood firm, and after a hot, wordy contest, Blanqui's election as Deputy for Bordeaux was annulled by a vote of 372 to 33. The Cabinet, since this victory, has decided to be magnanimous, and will pardon the restless old man; but the amnesty law having expired, a pardon will not restore his political rights. He will never be quiet, however, until he is quieted by death.

The usually serene atmosphere of the French Academy has for sometime been disturbed by a political squabble, which has much ruffled the philosophic temper of the Forty Immortals. Henri Martin, the foremost of living French historians, was chosen as the successor of M. Thiers in the Academy, and when the time came to receive him, with the usual Academic state and ceremony, it so happened that Emile Ollivier, as "director" for the year, was intrusted with the usual duty of delivering the reception address. It is the custom for the new Academician to pronounce an essay on his predecessor, and for the "director," in receiving him, to reply to it. These essays are submitted to a committee before being delivered. In the present instance, M. Martin took occasion, in his address, to inveigh severely against the Second Empire; whereupon M. Ollivier, who is not yet forgotten as the Prime Minister of Napoleon III., who tried to be "constitutional," and who went to war with Prussia with "a light heart," retorted in an indignant defense of his quondam Imperial master. The committee objected to both productions, as tending to turn the august Academy into a political bear-garden. M. Martin then agreed to strike out some passages, but Ollivier would not budge an inch, and the Academy has finally designated M. Marmier as the orator. The historian will now be formally received into the "fauteuil" vacated by the Liberator of the Territory.

In the East, matters are going as smoothly as can be expected. Prince Battenberg will soon assume the sovereignty of Bulgaria, which province is apparently growing quiet and contented; the Czar has issued a proclamation of a fatherly sort to the newly-liberated Christians of Turkey; the Russian army has begun to evacuate the territories south of the Danube; Montenegro is pleased with her acquisitions; Greece alone is discontented, continues to demand Epirus as the price of her abstention from attacking Turkey when Turkey was down, and now threatens to reopen the Eastern Question by making war on her old tyrant and foe. The Ameer of Afghanistan has gone to Cabul. After a tour of inspection throughout his kingdom he will visit the Viceroy of India.

A "very pretty scandal," as old Pepys would say, is going the rounds about Don Carlos, whilom pretender to the Spanish crown. Some time ago, one of his aides, General Boet, was charged with stealing from the Prince his most valuable jewels. General Boet is evidently no chicken-

heart; he now comes out with the "true story" of the jewels, which is to the effect that Don Carlos sent him into Spain with them to sell. The General goes on to paint a portrait of Don Carlos which certainly presents him to the world in a new light. The world has hitherto thought him a devotee, a man in dead earnest, with no time or taste for mundane frivolities and seductions. But General Boet declares that Don Carlos is a rake, and that his intrigues and adventures with the fair absorb a large portion of his time. He hates his uncle Chambord, it appears, who sets spies on him; beats his wife, who was surprised to find, when he returned from America, that he had not turned Mormon; and is, in general, a disagreeable, selfish, narrow-minded scion of the Bourbons.

It is the height of the London season, and the famous "coaching clubs" are having their meets in Hyde Park and Piccadilly, with their gay and handsome turn-outs, their high-blooded horses and their noble coaching-men. The Four-in-hand Club, despite the absence in this country of its president, the genial Duke of Beaufort, made a fine display as, in presence of the Empress of Germany, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other royalties, they set out in procession from Hyde Park on a recent sunny morning. The first night in London of the *Théâtre Français* company, Got and the marvelous Sarah Bernhardt included, was the most brilliant first night that *le pays de Shakespeare* has ever witnessed.

Victor Hugo had a fine chance to indulge his powers of sparkling and epigrammatic eloquence at the dinner in Paris to celebrate the abolition of slavery in the French colonies. He made the most of the occasion; it is wonderful how, at past three score and fifteen, this great genius preserves its fire of enthusiasm and vigor of thought. "In the nineteenth century," said he, "the white has made the black a man; in the twentieth, Europe will make of Africa a world." The poet is hale, hearty, rosy, rich and active in his old age. Almost twenty-five hundred French Communists have been amnestied, and it is said that only five hundred of the leading spirits of the revolt of 1871 will be excluded from this boon.

THE LONG BRANCH PIER.

THE great iron tubular pier at Long Branch, the first ever built on the Atlantic coast, rapidly approaches completion. The pier now projects 600 feet into the ocean, that being the length provided for in the original contract; but so well satisfied are the owners with the character of the work and the prospects of the enterprise, that they propose to extend it 200 feet beyond the point at first contemplated. The additional work will be pushed with the utmost possible dispatch. Meanwhile, heavy oak spiles have been driven along the sides of the pier for the protection of steamers in their landings, and perfect confidence is felt that these can be made with entire safety and ease. On Sunday next three steamers will carry passengers to and land them at the pier. Settlers are being placed for the accommodation of visitors, who, from the elevation of the pier, and several hundred feet from the shore, can enjoy the ocean breeze and indulge in fishing, reading, or dreaming, with the most exquisite sense of exhilaration. Schools of blue fish are constantly passing under the pier; the writer, on Monday last, saw one of these schools, numbering thousands of fish, sweeping by in a great procession only three or four hundred feet from the shore—the passage occupying nearly twenty minutes. Iron stairways will be arranged for the use of excursion parties, who will thus be able to land from yachts or ordinary sailboats without the slightest inconvenience.

The Finance Committee of the Senate is entitled to the thanks of the country for voting to postpone the consideration of the Warner Silver Bill until the regular session of Congress. By that time it is to be hoped that, through the growth of sound financial ideas, the possibility of its passage will have disappeared.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has refused to expel the members who were reported by a select committee to have been guilty of attempted bribery, but has authorized the appointment of a committee to institute proceedings against certain outsiders who were guilty of the same offense. The consistency of this action will admit of question.

The United States will be represented officially as well as industrially at the International Exhibitions at Sydney and Melbourne, Australia, in 1879 and 1880, Congress having passed a joint resolution providing for the appointment of Commissioners. Representative S. S. Cox, of this city, is entitled to the chief credit for securing this timely action, which is sure to be warmly appreciated by the Australians.

THE President has nominated ex-Senator Simon B. Conover as Collector of Internal Revenue for the District of Florida. The appointment is only a meagre recognition of Mr. Conover's fidelity in the support of the Administration policy in the face of enormous pressure from the "stalwarts"; but it is understood to be in accord with the preferences of the ex-Senator, whose interests in the State of his adoption are too important to justify his acceptance of any appointment which would call him elsewhere.

In point of ability and personal character, General Thomas Ewing, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Ohio, is fully the equal of the Republican candidate. But he represents financial theories at once indefensible and unsafe, and has, moreover, been conspicuous in the reactionary movements of his party in Congress; and, for these reasons, it may be assumed that he will not be able to command the support of those Democrats who favor honest money and an upright financial policy. At the same time his nomination will invigorate the canvass on the part of the younger element of the party, with whom General Ewing is especially popular, and the issue, owing to the action of the Greenbackers in nominating a straight ticket, is made so far doubtful as to provoke from the country at large the liveliest interest in the progress of the struggle.

THE promoters of the Panama Canal project, which was rushed through the recent Congress at Paris, evidently mean to make the most of their opportunity. A company has already been organized, and subscriptions to the amount of 400,000,000 francs are invited to aid in the prosecution of the enterprise. It is stated that the company which obtained the concession from the Government of Colombia and made arrangements with the Panama Railroad will turn over their charters to the new organization. Work will begin, if M. de Lesseps carries out his present purpose, on the first of January next. It is doubtful whether the subscriptions to the stock of the company will be as liberal outside of France as they would have been had the Nicaragua route been selected. No doubt, had the Congress voted independently, that route would have been chosen.

If the statistics presented to the nineteenth annual convention of American Brewers, recently held at St. Louis, are to be depended upon, the consumption of malt liquors is certainly increasing. The sales in this country last year, according to these figures, amounted to 9,473,361 barrels; being 313,685 barrels in excess of the highest amount ever before sold. Of the entire production, this State is credited with 3,285,498 barrels. The total number of brewers in the United States at this date is 2,830, New York having 405, and paying one-third of the total tax derived by the Government from malt liquors. Owing to the rigid enforcement of the prohibitory law in Maine, the production of these liquors in that State amounted last year to only seven barrels, but the consumption was by no means confined to this minimum quantity, the demand having been supplied from without. The total amount of capital invested in the brewing industry in the country at large is stated at \$300,000,000.

AMONG other bequests of the late William Sloane, of this city, amounting to \$140,000, was one of \$33,500 to a number of the older employés of the house with which he was long identified—the sums varying from \$1,000 to \$5,000, according to the period of service of the different persons named. In making these bequests, Mr. Sloane takes occasion to declare, with a candor and conscientiousness as rare as they are beautiful, that his success in life was due quite as largely to the fidelity, well-directed efforts and intelligent interest in his business of the men who had been in his employ, as to any personal sagacity or enterprise; and we cannot doubt that this generous recognition of faithful service will be no less acceptable to those concerned than the pecuniary gifts bestowed upon them. If employers and employed could always maintain the relation of mutual interest and concern in and for one another which is here so honorably revealed, how vast would be the gain to each and to society at large!

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON has set the extremists of the Senate an example of moderation which they would do well to emulate. In a speech on Thursday last he declared that, while earnestly in favor of the repeal of the legislation put as riders upon the Appropriation Bills, he would not in any event consent to withholding appropriations for the support of the Army, or of any of the departments of the Government. He paid a high tribute to the valor and patriotism of the Army, which was alike the Army of the South and the North, and declared that he would never aid to disband or to impair its efficiency. Neither would he aid to degrade the Army from its high rank by assisting to pass legislation which would tend to make it an instrument of tyranny in the hands of any party or any Executive. He concluded by eulogizing President Hayes for withdrawing the Federal troops from South Carolina and Louisiana during the exciting days of 1877. The speech, while embodying the peculiar views of Southern men as to the rights of the States, the control of elections, etc., was in admirable temper throughout, and had it been made earlier in the pending struggle, would no doubt have exerted an important influence upon the result.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE United States Senate has passed a Bill to repeal the test oath law.

JOSEPH L. SMITH has received the Greenback nomination for Governor of Maine.

THE House of Representatives has passed a Bill to increase the pay of letter-carriers.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature adjourned *sine die*, June 6th, after a session of 151 days.

REV. SAMUEL HARRIS, of Chicago, has been elected as P. E. Bishop of Michigan, in place of Bishop McCoskey.

THE Brooklyn Aldermen have at length ordered a special election to fill the vacancy caused by the election of Mr. O'Reilly to Congress.

EIGHT hundred lodges of Sitting Bull's Indians are reported south of the British line. They have not, as yet, committed any acts of direct hostility.

THE New Orleans Council has unanimously adopted a protest against the passage of the majority report on the State debt as destructive to the public credit.

THE Workingmen's Party in California have nominated a full ticket, headed by F. White, a farmer, for State officers. Denis Kearney has been re-elected President of the "party."

THE Rev. Frederick W. Geissenhainer, D.D., Lutheran, the oldest active minister in New York, died on June 2d, after a continuous pastorate of sixty-two years, aged eighty-two.

A MEETING in favor of the proposed colonization of Irish Catholics in Minnesota, was held in New York on June 4th, and a large number of subscriptions to the capital fund were received.

THE Supreme Court of Iowa has decided as valid the law prohibiting the sale of wine and beer within two miles of any municipality, where such sale has been prohibited by a vote of the people.

THE papers in the Fitz John Porter case have been sent to Congress, and a Bill restoring General Porter to his rank in the army, with pay from the date of dismissal, will probably be reported to the Senate.

TWO monuments erected to the memory of the Confederate dead at Winchester, Va., were unveiled June 6th. There was a great demonstration, United States Senator Morgan, of Alabama, being the orator of the day.

THE great lease of the elevated railroads to the Manhattan Company has been formally ratified by the managers of the latter corporation, and the work of extending the various lines will be pushed with all practicable speed.

IN the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America, held in Newark, N. J., last week, a motion to consolidate the organic boards of the church was defeated June 6th. On Saturday the members visited Coney Island in a body.

PARDEN HALL, the beautiful structure connected with Lafayette College, at Easton, Pa., was destroyed by fire on June 4th; and on the 6th, at a special meeting of the citizens, it was resolved to rebuild the Hall at once, the city contributing handsomely to the fund.

THE occupants of Fulton Market, New York, have offered to erect a large, healthful, and appropriately ornate building, to cost \$300,000, at their own expense, if the Sinking Fund Commissioners will grant them a long lease of the present site on favorable terms, and joint conferences are being held.

THE ninety-eighth annual session of the Grand Lodge, F. and A. M., of the State of New York, was held last week in the Masonic Temple. General Charles Roome was unanimously elected Grand Master for the ensuing year, and James M. Austin Grand Secretary, for the twenty-seventh consecutive term, on June 5th.

THE Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections are investigating the charges of Judge Spofford, contestant of the seat of Senator Kellogg of Louisiana. One witness has testified that he personated members of the Legislature who were absent, and when their names were called, voted for Mr. Kellogg. The latter denies the truth of the statement.

DR. ALFRED C. POPE, of London, one of the most prominent homeopathic physicians of England, president of the British Homeopathic Congress, vice-president of the British Homeopathic Society and editor of the *British Monthly Homeopathic Review*, who comes to this country as a delegate to the American Homeopathic Institute to be held at Lake George, was tendered a reception by the Boston Homeopathic Medical Society and the homeopathic physicians of Massachusetts, at Boston, June 5th.

Foreign.

RUSSIA has refused to join Germany in acting on the Egyptian question.

SOLOVIEFF has been sentenced to death for attempting to shoot the Czar of Russia.

THE elections in the Province of Ontario, May 5th, resulted in favor of the reformers.

CETWAYO has again sought to make peace with the British, but his overtures have been rejected.

GERMANY will protest against the inhuman manner in which the war in South America is carried on.

THE Australian and European Bank of Melbourne, Australia, with £500,000 of deposits, has failed.

UNITED STATES MINISTER WHITE, who has arrived at Berlin, received a cordial welcome from the German press.

THE losses to the Russian fire insurance companies by the great fires in the city of Orenburg last month amount to \$1,566,000.

FRANCE and England have agreed to refrain from further active interference in Egypt, but will hold the Khedive responsible for his acts.

IN France the merchants and manufacturers are about to urge the Government to meet this country half way in promoting a Franco-American treaty.

SPAIN has demanded satisfaction from San Domingo for the shooting of two Generals at Puerto Plata who had sought the protection of the Spanish Representative.

THE swollen rivers in Italy are subsiding; the eruption at Mount Etna has likewise diminished. The sum of 500,000 francs for the relief of the sufferers by the eruption, has been voted by the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

THE Italian Internationalists who threw bombs among the crowd during a popular demonstration on the occasion of King Humbert's birthday, last November, have been sentenced, one to imprisonment for life two for twenty, and four for nineteen years.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 263.



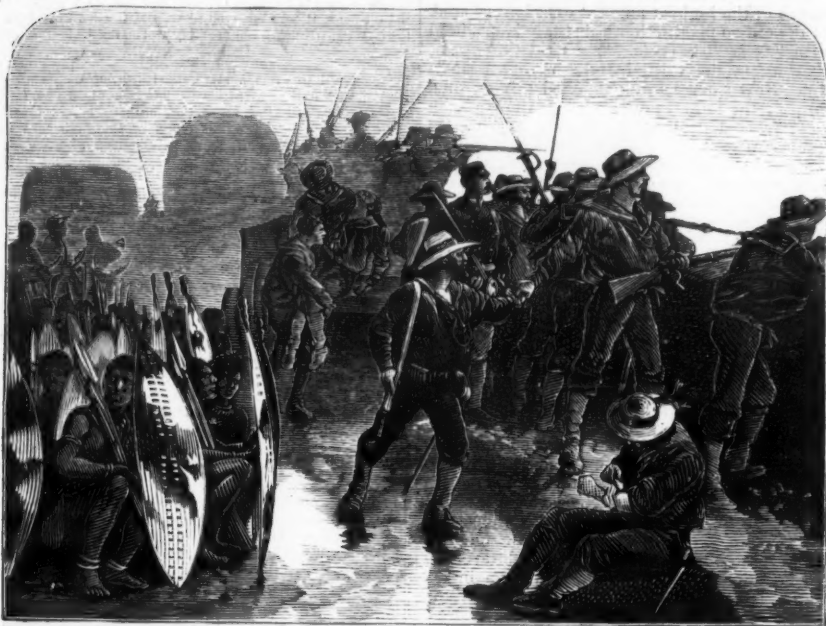
RUSSIA.—APPEARANCE OF THE STREETS OF ST. PETERSBURG DURING A NIGHT PATROL.



ITALY.—GARIBALDI'S PRESENT RESIDENCE, LE LIEUR VILLA, AT ALBANO.



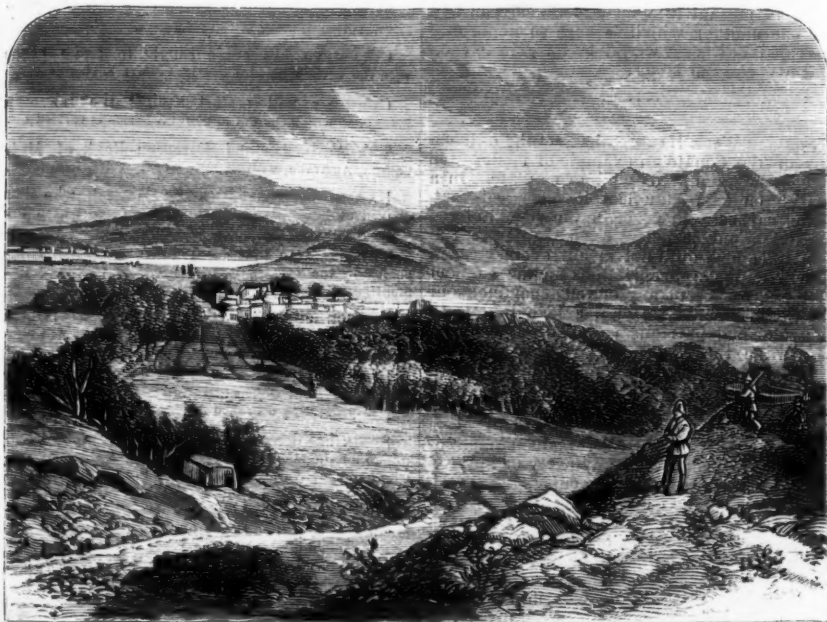
ITALY.—VISIT OF GARIBALDI TO THE KING, IN THE QUIRINAL GARDENS, ROME.



SOUTH AFRICA.—WITHIN THE LAAGER AT GINGHILOVO DURING THE ZULU ATTACK.



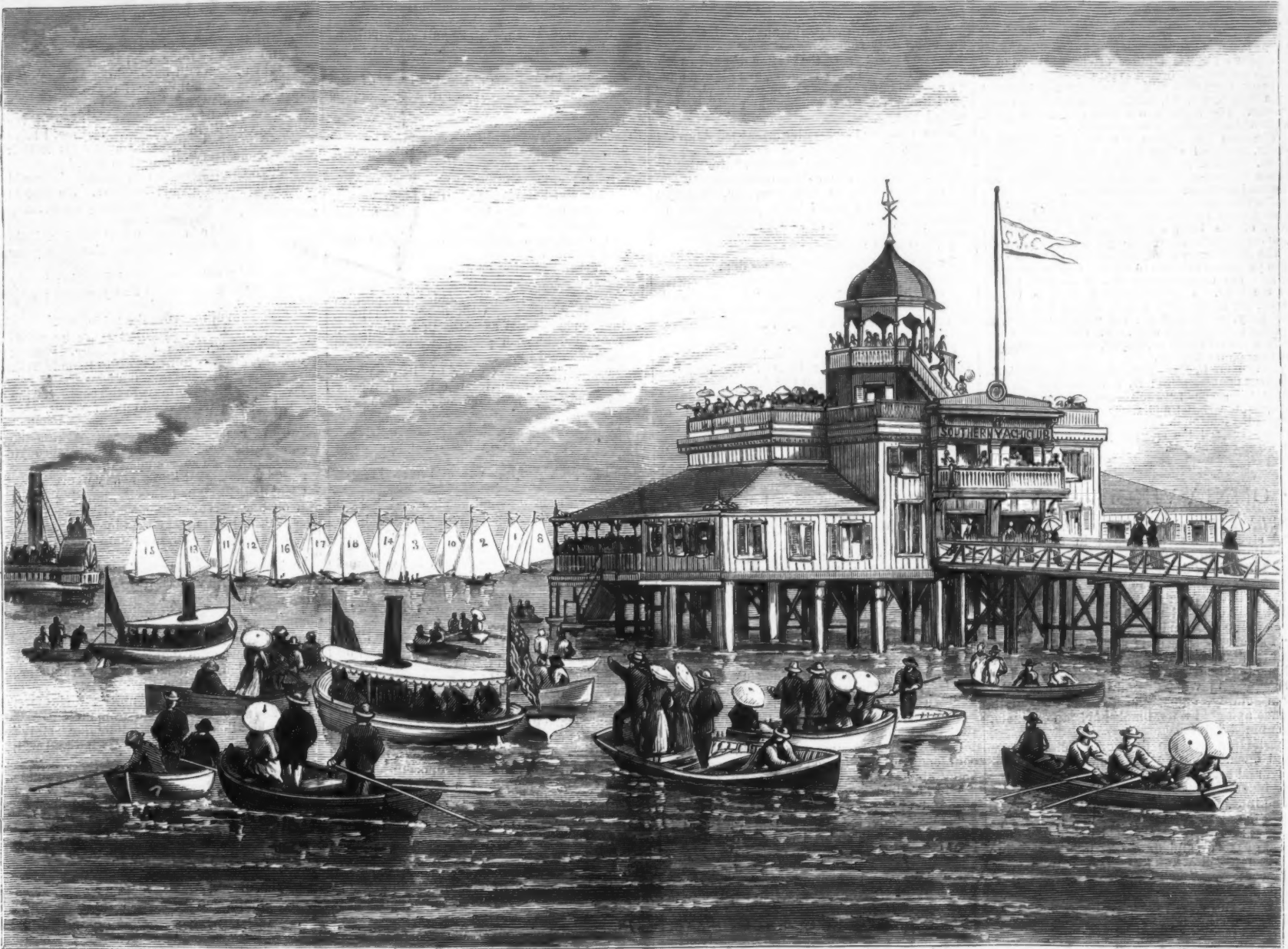
SOUTH AFRICA.—THE BATTLE OF KAMBULA HILL, ZULULAND, MARCH 29TH.



AFGHANISTAN.—END OF THE WAR.—GUNDAMUK, WHERE THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS WERE HELD.



AFGHANISTAN.—END OF THE WAR.—RECEPTION OF THE AMEER'S HALF-BROTHER BY SIR SAMUEL BROWNE.



LOUISIANA.—ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB, ON LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN, NEW ORLEANS, MAY 26TH—THE START OF THE YACHTS FROM THE NEW CLUB HOUSE.—FROM SKETCHES BY S. W. BENNETT.

REGATTA OF THE SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE annual regatta of the Southern Yacht Club, which now numbers over five hundred members, took place on Monday, May 26th, on Lake Pontchartrain, New Orleans. Out of the twenty-nine yachts belonging to the club, twenty-three

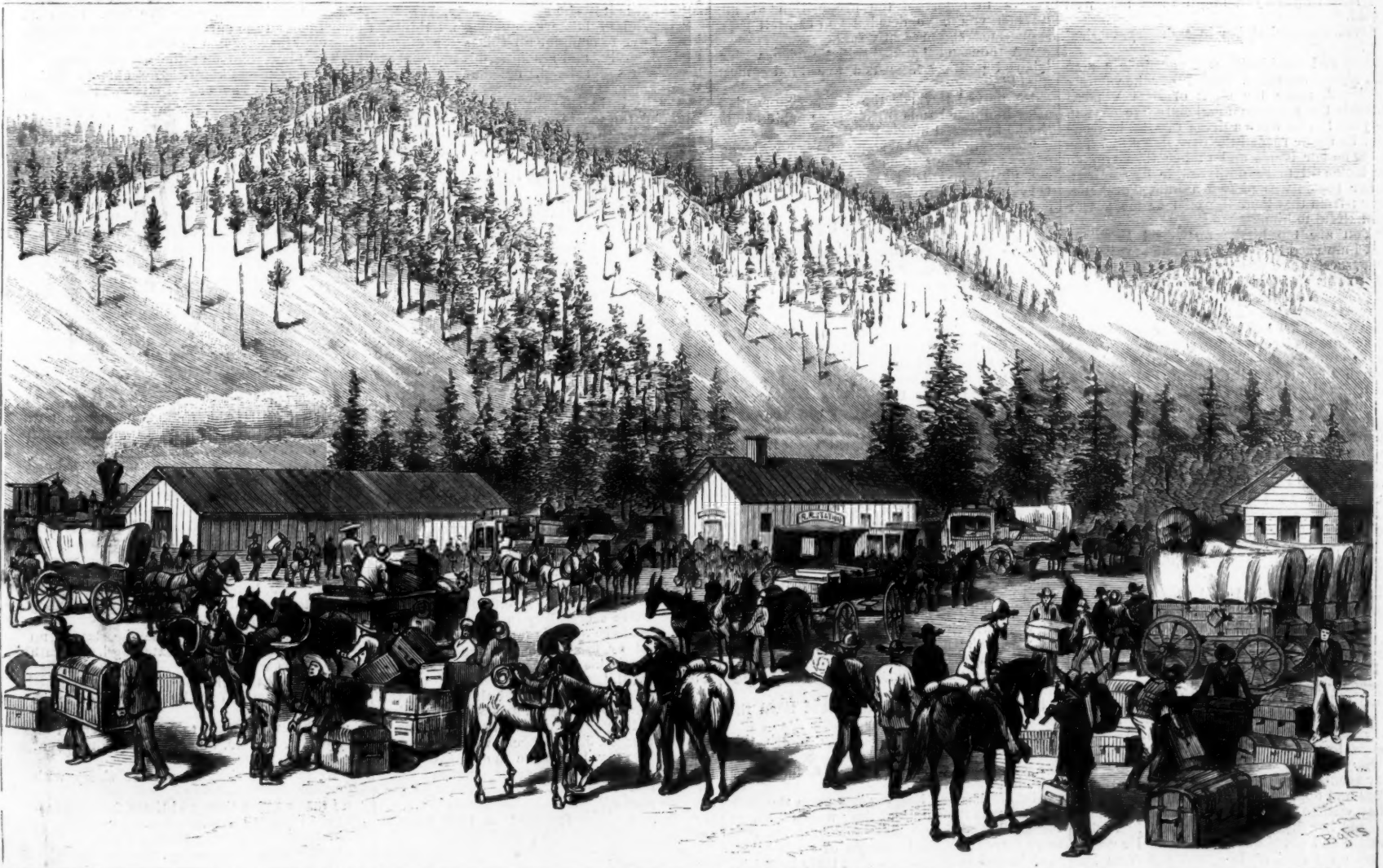
were entered. Two became disabled, leaving twenty-one to take the wind as the signal-gun was fired. The course was the usual triangular one, and the distance fifteen miles—differing from the previous races only in that the course was three times around the stakes (instead of twice, as formerly), which were placed one and two-thirds miles apart—the home stake in front of the boat-

house, the second to the westward, and the third to the eastward.

When the race was over and all the white-winged flyers of the lake had come home, the real fun began. A fine orchestra started first the slow music of the graceful promenade, under the influence of which the invited guests partook of the hospitalities of the Southern Yacht Club, which comprised

everything that was palatable in the way of ice-creams, biscuits, glaces and cakes; in fact, all those ideal gems of fancy cookery which seduce the palate without filling the stomach.

At the height of music and dancing and revelry, Commodore Emile O'Brien called the assembly to order, announcing that the distribution of prizes would be made, and introduced Captain J.O. Nixon.



COLORADO.—ON THE ROAD TO THE LEADVILLE MINES—WEBSTER STATION, ON THE DENVER, SOUTH PARK AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.—SEE PAGE 270.

Jr., as the orator of the day, who had been persuaded to undertake the difficult task of distributing the prizes, with appropriate remarks, to the victors.

The first-class prize is a massive piece of plate, about one foot and one-half high and as much wide. The centre piece is a pillar of chased silver, from which project two branches supporting fruit dishes of silver, lined with gold. The pillar is surmounted by a first-class yacht, in full sail, and under an easy breeze. The yacht is of silver, plated with gold, while the sails are of frosted silver.

The second-class prize is a large flower-vase of silver, the bowl being frosted and the neck polished. Around the base and brim of the neck are bands of medallions in relief, while the handles are formed by oars and anchors oxidized.

The third-class prize is a large bowl flower-stand resting upon an elaborately-chased pedestal. The sides of the bowl are ornamented with spikes, anchors and oars, and the lining of the bowl is of gold.

The fourth-class prize, although but a small cup, is so perfect in finish as to bid fair to rival the chief prize. The circumference shows an ocean ruffled by the wind. A schooner-yacht race is taking place, one of the swift sailers having just turned the buoy, while another, the main attraction, is coming up before the wind. All the details of the picture are faithfully portrayed, even to the ocean steamer on the horizon.

Commodore E. J. O'Brien, who sailed the *Susie S.*, received the first prize; H. T. Howard, of the *Xiphias*, the second; "Joe" McNeil, captain of the *Juanita*, the third; and Samuel Gauthier, of the *Olivia*, the fourth. R. Brewster, who sailed the *No-Name*, received the special prize for the class known as cabin boats.

"OMNIA VINCIT AMOR."

SPLASHED with the mud and rain of the street, Maurice stepped in quickly, as the servant opened the door, and made his way to the long drawing-room.

"Miss Vincens will be down directly, sir," said the liveried servant, politely. In spite of his shabby coat, all the servants of the house were polite to Maurice.

"I sincerely hope so!" muttered the young man to himself. "I've no time to waste on her whims to-day."

Steeping in warmth and perfume lay the room—empty, sumptuous, glimmering with bronze and gold tints, black Parisian cabinets, deep-toned velvets.

At its far end the door of a conservatory stood open. Maurice could hear water bubbling, and see walls draped and darkened by vines bloom.

The luxury of the place thrust itself on his senses to-day as it had never done before. The contrast between the world without—the world of storm and darkness and poverty—and this world within, all languor and ease and sweetness, struck him like a blow.

The black-walnut door swung back. Miss Worth, Miss Vincens's aunt, a self-established duenna, entered first—an animated lay-figure to look after the proprieties.

Then Miss Vincens herself rustled in. She was no beauty, heiress of wealth though she was. Maurice inwardly compared her to one of Mrs. Jarley's wax figures with the face-coloring washed off, with the nose depressed by accident—yes, verily, with a nonentity of expression, lack of color and regular facial lines, Miss Lena Vincens could be called decidedly an ugly woman.

"Did you come on foot this dreadful day?" she stammered, turning red at sight of Maurice. "I would have sent the carriage for you, only I feared you might think me—well—bold."

Maurice looked at her in a dreary, critical way.

Time and familiarity will reconcile a man with almost anything. Would they, he vaguely wondered, make the sight of Miss Vincens bearable three hundred and sixty-five days in the year? She wore a dress of stiff, lustrous silk; its rustle rasped the ears like a file. The pearls on her hands and at her throat made her look still more unfavorable by contrast. In her bosom was pinned a bunch of heliotrope; from that hour the odor of the flower was hateful to him.

"You are too kind," answered Maurice; "but I am used to long tramps, and to all sorts of weather. Have you practiced this octave?"

He took a sheet of music from a music-rack and placed it on the piano.

They were teacher and pupil.

She seated herself at the instrument, and ran her fingers over the keys.

Tum—tum—tum—she banged and blundered through the piece with difficulty. Maurice was tempted to clasp his hands to his ears to shut out the discordancy.

At sight of his contracting brows she began to pout.

"You think me very stupid, I dare say."

"True," he longed to answer; but checked himself, and said, instead, "You are very careless. You have not given the piece sufficient practice. Give it more time and attention before your next lesson."

She lifted her eyes in a slow, deprecatory way. All her movements were slow and heavy.

He was no conceited fool, this poor musician, with his shabby coat and his handsome Greek profile; but no man in his senses could see the passion in that upturned look and not understand it.

"Don't be cross with me," she murmured. "I never cared for music till you taught me. Indeed, indeed, I try very hard to please you!"

He made haste to draw her attention back to the lesson. For a mortal hour it dragged its slow length along. Aunt Worth dozed in her velvet chair. The hot air of the room, the sultry scents from the adjoining conservatory, choked and oppressed Maurice.

That woman at the piano, in her flashing dress and her dismal ugliness, filled him with a strange and peculiar fascination. He could not keep his eyes off her, and yet, from his heart, he hated to look.

"How grave you are to-day," she said at last, letting her jeweled hands slip off the

keys. "I hope nothing has happened? I trust Miss Santley is well?"

"Oh, yes, quite well," he answered, starting out of an ugly reverie.

"You seem to love that sister of yours very much," rejoined Miss Vincens, in a piqued tone. "I never hear you speak of any other woman."

"I know very few others," he replied, "and none like her."

Miss Vincens rose, with a great rustle, from the piano.

"Will you come into the conservatory a moment?" she said, in her slow, monotonous way. "I've something to tell you, Mr. Santley; something that I asked papa, particularly, to let me tell you. I hope you will think it good news."

He followed her, wondering.

They passed through the glass door, entered among the odors and bloom beyond.

Twilight was already gathering. Overhead, some strange creeping plant, in a gnarled cup of twisted vine, held a fiery-red blossom, suspended like a great star.

Bronzed urns, aflame with passion-flowers, or ghostly with white lilies, made blotches of light here and there in the dusk.

The thought of a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Vincens in such a place was scarcely pleasant to Maurice; nevertheless, he followed her to the fountain, which dropped its diamond spray over a bank of violets.

She bent in her stiff, shining dress, and plucked at the purple blossoms as she talked. "Are you very, very fond of teaching music, Mr. Santley?"

"Fond? Well, not particularly," he answered, grimly.

"I am sure it must be a hard life. Have you many pupils? They are not always easy to find, where a teacher has no influence. Papa thinks he might give you a place at the works—that is, if you would accept it."

He stood like a statue, waiting for her to go on. She kept her dark face bent low over the violets.

"The superintendent is going away. You can have his situation, with increased salary—\$2,000 a year, I think papa said—and—perhaps—who knows?—a future partnership. I am sure this would be better than teaching music."

Curious changes came and went in Maurice's countenance. He looked as he felt—scarcely able to believe his senses.

Why, he had never spoken a dozen words with old Vincens in his life!

"Is it possible that I understand you aright?" he said, at last, in a dazed way. "Two thousand a year—a—future partnership?"

"Yes, I thought, for—your sister's sake, if for nothing else, you would be glad."

The blood was burning in her usually pale face. With eyes full of love she looked eagerly up at this poor musician, with his averted gaze and his perfect Greek profile—this man whom she could never hope to reach save through his poverty.

Breathless she waited for his answer.

Did he understand the full meaning of this offer—all that its acceptance would involve?

"I must ask for time to think over the matter," he said, at last, in a constrained voice.

He was looking steadfastly away from his pupil kneeling there among the violets, as if in supplication.

"Certainly," she answered, with some relief. Perhaps she had feared that he might refuse to entertain the proposition at all.

"When you have decided you can tell papa—or—me," she presently said.

"A thousand thanks," said Maurice, with a labored politeness. "You are kind—most kind!"

He moved towards the door. She rustled after him, her hands full of the purple bloom she had plucked beside the fountain.

"Take these," she stammered, "will you not? For your sister; and don't think ill of me, please, and don't hate me! I try hard, very hard, to please you; but, somehow, I never succeed."

A tremendous temptation tugged at Maurice's heart.

He took the flowers, muttered a hurried good night, and, as if not daring to trust himself further, turned his back on the luxury, the odor, the splashing fountain, the dark woman with the ugly face, and out of the splendid mansion of Vincens, the great coal merchant, he rushed into the street.

Night was gathering.

The mist and smoke lay thick together over the crowded, noisy town. The streets were deep in mud and wet, and at the very first crossing Maurice unwittingly dropped Miss Vincens's violets, and trampled them into the mire.

With feverish haste he strode away from the upper and aristocratic portion of the town, and went towards its humbler districts.

"There's a great deal said and written about women marrying for money," he said to himself, as he plunged on through the foul dark streets, "but plenty of men do the same thing, I fancy. Goodness! why was that woman made so irredeemably ugly—or, rather, why has she put this temptation before me?"

He went straight on, turning over in his mind the words she had said to him in the dusk of the conservatory—thinking of her and of her father, the great coal merchant, and his fabulous wealth.

Far and wide through the great town the name of Vincens was omnipotent.

Why, the very street through which this shabby young musician was passing belonged entirely to John Vincens; and not this one only, but others.

The black cloud hanging low upon the near horizon was the smoke of the "works" where thousands and thousands of tons of black coal were stored, where hundreds of souls toiled year in and year out, and took their bread, as it were, from his hands.

Maurice stepped upon the bridge which spanned the sluggish canal.

Even that clumsy boat creeping towards him through the dark bore the same all-powerful name upon its stern. And to all his wealth he had but one heir, Lena—Lena Vincens—his only child.

Maurice leaned over the parapet of the bridge, and stared down into the inky depths below.

The reflection of the lights above floated there like under-world fires.

"Why not?" he muttered, moodily: "why not accept old Vincens's offer? Yes, and marry his daughter, whose face, contrary to the old rhyme, is not her fortune. It is plain that it must come to that if I take the situation. Well, a man might do worse, I suppose."

The canal-boat reached the bridge and passed through.

Night was creeping on apace.

Presently Maurice heard a tramping on the bridge, a rattle of wheels, and, lo! a pair of thoroughbred horses, with heads held high, and quivering chests flaked with froth, and a carriage, bright with plate glass and French varnish, flashed by.

One glimpse Maurice caught of its occupant—a heavy, dark man, with a nose fearfully and wonderfully hooked, and an iron-gray beard.

"Old Vincens himself, by Jove!" muttered Maurice, staring after the equipage as it whirled away.

And he picked up his wits and started homeward.

Leaving the bridge and black canal behind him, he hurried through divers secluded byways, and came, at last, to a little cottage surrounded by a garden and a high wall.

Up a winding walk he groped his way, and entered without ceremony.

"Is that you, Maurice?" called from some unknown quarter a woman's voice, as sweet as a wren's.

"Who else could it be, little woman?" he answered, and tossed off hat and coat, and burst, like a king, into the little parlor where Lucille and tea awaited him together.

It was a delightful room in spite of its threadbare carpet and old-fashioned furniture. A nice, ruddy fire glowed in the grate.

In one corner stood a piano and a music-rack, against which leaned a violin in its case.

A tea-table, spread for two, occupied the centre of the room, and about it a small figure, supported by a crutch, was fluttering like some broken-winged bird.

"Oh, you bad boy!" she cried, at sight of Maurice; "how late you are! I dare say the tea is quite spoiled."

She was a slender, deformed creature, this sister of Maurice's, scarcely taller than a child, although she was his senior. She had little transparent hands, and a small, wan face, pinched and sharpened by physical suffering, and beautiful braids of ashy-gold hair.

"Have you just come from Miss Vincens, Maurice dear?" she asked, hanging on his arm and gazing up at him with her keen, clear eyes. "She always keeps you beyond the usual hour, I notice. How gloomy you look! You haven't commenced to despair or forgotten grandpa's motto, 'Labor omnia vincit'?"

"One minute, Lu, one question at a time," he interrupted. "I have just come from the Vincens, and have not commenced to despair, but I think I have a better motto than grandpa's."

"What is it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Instead of labor conquering all things, I have Love to conquer all things for me," he replied, gayly, and reaching down he kissed his sister's forehead, murmuring, "Omnia vincit amor."

A jolly little servant brought in the cold ham and the toast; and in the cheerful, fire-light the brother and sister sat down together.

Lucille watched her big, fair-haired darling furtively.

"You bad boy," she burst out, "you eat nothing. Don't you like the toast? I browned it myself most beautifully; or has Miss Vincens been unkind to you to-day?"

He looked a little queer. He loved her with all his heart, this deformed sister. She was the one only dear and precious thing to him in the wide world. He worked for her, lived for her, pinched himself in a hundred ways to clothe her in fine garments, and give her delicate fare. And Lucille, in return, simply idolized him. He had no thought of making a confidant of Lucille; indeed, he never worried her with anything.

"Oh, no! Miss Vincens is always kind enough," he answered, dryly.

Lucille began to draw patterns on the cloth with her spoon.

"Annie was telling me some odd things about John Vincens, Maurice—things that happened before you and I ever came to this place, you know."

"Indeed!" said Maurice.

"Yes, Annie's people worked in the coal districts for years, and, of course, know all about their master's affairs."

"What can they know?"

"'Tis said that John Vincens took advantage of his brother's credulity in his faith, robbed him of his share of his father's love and respect, and, by falsehoods, induced his dying father to omit his eldest son's name entirely from the will."

He looked half-whimsical, half-pained.

"His brother—Henry Vincens—died in destitution in Italy. Two years after, and during a fit of remorse, John Vincens went there and erected a very handsome monument to his memory. When you grow famous, dear Maurice, and take me to Italy, I shall go and see this grave."

"When I grow famous? A very remote contingency, I'm afraid, little woman."

She shook her head lightly.

"Of course, it is hard for you just now, with me a dead weight on your hands—"

"That will do, Lu!"

"But fame and wealth are often mere acci-

dents, Maurice, as likely to happen to you as another. Miss Vincens's wealth is only by accident of her birth—and she will marry some day, no doubt. Dear me! how immensely lucky the person will be on whom, as Tennyson says, her favors fall. She'll make some man happy with her wealth—some poor man, I dare say, for her father, Annie says, never crosses her will in anything. Maurice, I have a singular fancy—don't be angry—it is that Miss Vincens is—well—fond of you."

Though she regarded him keenly she could detect no change in his features. He looked very much bored with this gossip concerning the Vincens, but nothing more.

"You have a great many fancies, little woman. Did Annie put that, also, into your head?"

"Certainly not," answered Lucille; "only it seems so very likely. I find you nice; why shouldn't Miss Vincens?"

He rose abruptly from the table.

"Poor logic, Lu! Nothing more improbable. Bosh!" he burst out, roughly. "What are these Vincens to us or we to them? Talk of something else, darling, do!"

He brought his violin from the corner of the room, and prepared once more to go out.

With the closing-in of night the storm had greatly increased. The sleet was lashing the windows, the wind sighing mournfully through the garden which surrounded the cottage.

Maurice struggled into a heavy overcoat.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lucille, hopping about him on her velvet-cushioned crutch. "How dreadful that you must go out in such weather. I will wait up for you, dear, and keep the tea hot."

He kissed her, and stepped out into the night.

Maurice Santley played first violin in the orchestra of the theatre.

The gale, shrieking in and out of alleys and byways and round odd echoing corners, seemed like a human voice calling to him.

So strong was the delusion that he actually stopped and listened more than once before reaching his destination.

"What ails me to-night?" muttered Maurice. "I am as full of fancies as a woman."

A combination of bright particular "stars" graced the bills, and, in spite of wind and wet, the theatre was crowded.

From his seat down there by the footlights Maurice's gaze, drawn by a magnetism which he could not withstand, wandered to the Vincens' box.

Yes, there she sat, with a magnificent opera-cloak slipping down her shoulders, and her dark arms bound by massive bracelets of dull gold.

She was leaning forward, her eyes fixed on the young musician—those passionate, tell-tale eyes—and by her side was the man of coal, the modern King Midas, John Vincens, with his gray beard and his hooked nose, his glass also leveled at the orchestra.

Father and daughter! In truth they were an ugly pair!

Two thousand a year! What a fortune it seemed to Maurice, in his poverty. Could he, ought he, to reject it? Lucille's bit of gossip rushed back to his memory.

He wished, with a hot, shamed flush, that Henry Vincens had been less confiding in his brother's integrity, for then this miserable temptation might never have assailed him.

As his uplifted gaze met Miss Vincens's a fierce heat flushed over her face. She sank back behind the curtains of the box. Maurice lowered his gaze and fixed it on his violin.

The play went on; the evening passed,—how he scarcely knew. The curtain fell on the last act. The crowd streamed out, and all was done.

As Maurice gained the street the sleet was rushing by in clouds; stabbing, too, sharp as a knife.

The pavement was coated with ice; the northeast wind cut through marrow and bone.

Maurice finally reached home. Through his dismal journey he tried to determine whether he would accept Miss Vincens's offer and all it implied, or not; but even the storm did not prevail upon his decision; he would accept his own freedom and nothing more.

The following afternoon Maurice Santley presented himself in the Vincens' drawing-room to give the heiress her usual lesson.

But now he noticed none of the sumptuous elegance of the room, made no inward contrasts between the wealth therein displayed and the poverty of his own surroundings.

The world had all changed to Maurice. He no longer envied the wealth around him, now he knew, as he supposed, how that wealth came to its possessor.

Miss Vincens entered, carelessly dressed and with dark circles round her eyes, and a general restless, anxious look; but even this he did not see.

"You must not scold me," she stammered, "if I do blunder to-day. I have passed a restless night."

"Ah! Nothing serious in the attack, I hope?" said Maurice, blind to the yearning looks with which the ugly dark heiress was regarding him.

When the lesson was done she started up from the piano, and stood catching her breath in a curious way.

"Have you thought of—of—of—?"

She could not go on. Maurice rushed to the rescue.

"Of what you said to me in the conservatory yonder—of Mr. Vincens's very kind offer? Yes?"

"Well?" she cried, in a voice sharp with impatience.

"I thank him a thousand times for his generosity. I decline to take advantage of it."

She had not anticipated this answer. She stared at him blankly.

"Decline?"

"I must, indeed. Don't think me ungrateful. It is a position for which I am altogether unfitted."

Her pale face became still whiter. "You will take nothing from us, then—from me?" and she stuttered in her rapid speech. "You will not become my debtor because—because you hate me!"

Woefully embarrassed, Maurice could only mutter, "Hate you? Certainly not!" "Then take the position I offer you!" the last barrier of pride giving way before the strong tide of her unhappy passion.

"Pardon me, Miss Vincens, if I cannot reconcile my judgment to such an important step!"

She stretched out her dark, ringed hands. "Not when you know my peace depends on it—my happiness? Not when I tell you that I have forgotten our relative positions—forgotten that a woman may not sue to a man, even if her heart is breaking? Not if I say—"

"Stop, Miss Vincens! Don't go on in this way! Say nothing that you will regret!" And then, anxious to cover her mortification, he added, quickly, "You are jesting, I see, at my expense. I forgive you. Let us both forget it. And now, farewell!"

He started for the door.

She rushed after him.

"Jesting?" she cried, impulsively; "no, for I love you!" The words were fairly out. She had humbled herself in vain, for the astonishment and aversion that came over Maurice Santley's handsome face were not to be mistaken.

"Miss Vincens," he answered, "from my soul I am sorry for this!"

She sank, with a mournful cry into a chair, as he passed out of the room.

Passing John Vincens in the ante-chamber, he knew from the wave of the hand as he silently bowed him out, that the father knew all.

Another year, another town, another season. Instead of prosperity, despair; instead of health, disease and death everywhere; shops all closed, business completely suspended; streets and avenues entirely deserted, save here and there the hurrying of a physician to a new patient, or a messenger to the apothecary's or the undertaker's. The scourge of a warm climate had fallen with a terrible fury upon the land, hundreds were dying for want of simple attendance at the crisis of the attack, and not a few, who had everything money could procure, were passing their last hour upon mother earth.

In a secluded street, in a high four-story tenement, in a small room on the top floor, lay the strong, massive frame of a young man; at last he had succumbed to the terrible malady; in the first delirium of its attack, the woman bending over and cooling his fevered brow with a tender, caressing motion, could distinctly hear the notes of love in "Lu, darling, I'll soon come back; I'll bring wealth to keep you in ease all your life—have patience, Lu, Maurice will soon return." And then again the accents of scorn were plainly visible in the words: "Marry her—no, Lu, not to give you ease and comfort all your life—marry for gold!—ah! ah!—not one redeeming feature—not one acceptable trait, nothing save her inordinate selfishness!"

The woman started violently and murmured under her breath: "How he loves her—how he despises me—if he only knew all, he might forgive!"

The third day dawned, the delirium had fled, and the patient was conscious of renewed vitality and gaining strength; he was also conscious that a tender angel ministered to his wants.

As his sight grew strong, he saw that this angel of mercy was merely a wreck of a better self; that the whirlwind of contagion had set its indelible mark upon her countenance, had softened an insipid expression into one of tenderness and pity, and made those wondrous orbs of chestnut hue look worlds of possible love.

"To whom am I indebted for this untiring devotion to one so friendless and far from home?" he finally asked, in a somewhat feeble voice.

"The district physician said you must not talk lest the harmony of your present condition may be disturbed," she answered, evasively.

"That is not answering my question and excites my curiosity to an uncontrollable degree," he replied, with a poor attempt at a smile; "tell me all about it and I promise you I will remain docile for the rest of the day."

"You may call me Watson," she answered, shortly.

"Well, Miss Watson, will you favor me with the other particulars, please?"

"I was taken sick myself in this house, and, after a successful battle, Providence permitted me to again enter the world of the living; preparatory to my return home I made a tour of inspection. I found no one save you, and you alone—even the physician that attended the house thought that I was the last patient left. I could not leave a fellow-being so helpless, after I myself had been saved, and I remained to perform the duties that your delirium told me there was no one to fulfill."

Day followed day, the streets gradually resumed their former activity; subscriptions flowed in from every town and village in the Union; the terrible scourge was within the control of the living, and now it was only a question of funds and nourishment to fully reclaim the surviving patients.

Maurice Santley could move from room to room, and his nurse had left the house, not for good, but owing to his earnest entreaties, to return every day for a little while to relieve the monotony of his convalescence.

He was inditing a letter to Lu, telling her for the first time of his wonderful escape and to whom he owed his preservation from a terrible and lonely death, as she entered flushed with her animated exercise.

"I was just writing to my sister, Lucille, Miss Watson. I shall endeavor to return to-

morrow. Before finishing my letter I have a favor to ask you. Will you allow me to take you to Lucille, that she may thank you herself for my preservation, for which I myself have not been able to fully express my gratitude?"

Now, in the supreme hour of her content, Miss Watson became strangely cold. He had asked of her a favor; it mattered not by what means that asking had been brought about, it was sufficient that he had asked it and she had the power to refuse.

"I should dearly love to see your sister, Mr. Santley, but I have delayed my own return home far beyond the necessities of the occasion, owing to your solicitations. I can scarcely see how it is possible to grant you your favor."

"Let me put it another way before you finally decide," he answered gravely, while a great tenderness and gratitude filled his manner as he continued; "Miss Watson, will you, as my wife, return and share my humble home and my sister's love? Do not turn away so coldly; that I truly love you, you must certainly have divined ere this. How else could I repay my debt except by a life-long devotion?"

"Your gratitude, however great, should not lead you into a possible repentance of such a step before half that life has passed," she falteringly answered.

"My gratitude taught me to love you, I will admit; but that gratitude might die, while my love shall always remain as it is now. You must admit, from your answer, that I am not wholly a stranger to your heart." He noticed her start at this, and, moving to see her face, found it wet with tears, and those not of regret. He clasped her tenderly to him, but she tore herself away.

"You know not who I am, what I am, yet you say you want me to marry you?" she cried, impatiently.

"Yes!" he firmly replied.

"My name is Lena Watson Vincens—you know the rest," she cried, hiding her face in her hands.

"Love conquers all things," he answered. "Will you be my wife, Lena Watson Vincens?"

"If Lucille says yes!" she answered in his arms.

There was no doubt that Lucille would be very happy with the pair, under the circumstances, and, although the most of John Vincens's fabulous wealth had taken wings and vanished just before his death, some six months previous, there was sufficient left to keep the three in comfort, by the aid of Maurice Santley's new position, as the director of the new Academy of Music, for which he had braved the Southern scourge to obtain.

ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND FAMILY IN NEW YORK.

THERE was no steamer wearing a gala attire of bunting and crowded with personal friends, no screeching tug, no discordant band of music, no congregation of distinguished citizens, no fuss, parade nor ceremony, to greet the arrival on our shores of one dear to every Scotchman's heart, one whom even the *Spectator* has denominated "the greatest orator in the House of Lords." With all the air of plain travelers, whose coming and going could effect no interest, in a manner far more common-place than Americans have been accustomed to observe of late, His Grace the Duke of Argyll, his son Lord Walter Campbell, and his daughters, Lady Elizabeth Campbell and Lady Mary Campbell, each accompanied by a servant and with satchels in hand, stepped ashore from the Cunard steamer *Scythia*, at her dock, in the midst of the rain, on Tuesday afternoon, June 3rd, took a carriage and were driven direct to the Windsor Hotel. The only demonstration reported was a "hooray" from a Scotchman, so hearty that even he seemed frightened with the detonation of his voice.

As the Duke and the members of his family who accompany him stop in the United States merely for a rest on their way to and from a visit to the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, at Quebec, no public reception was arranged, and it is doubtful if the Duke finds time enough to gratify an old desire to "examine our institutions."

The passengers and baggage were landed from the main deck of the steamer on account of the high tide, the Duke leading in the debarkation of his party, as shown in the illustration. At the Windsor the apartments occupied by the Emperor and Empress of Brazil during their sojourn here in 1876, a suite on the first floor consisting of two drawing-rooms and four sleeping-rooms, had been reserved for the travelers, and on their arrival were found to be simply but tastefully decorated with flowers, hanging baskets and bouquets.

At an early hour on Wednesday morning the ducal party were driven over portions of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and then took the 10:30 A. M. train from the Grand Central Depot for Niagara Falls, by way of the Hudson River and Central Railroad.

Just before their arrival at the Clifton House a heavy thunder-storm broke, and as they were crossing the new suspension bridge, there were continual vivid flashes of lightning which were rendered more intense by the short intervals of darkness. During the passage across the river the members of the party silently looked out into the storm and got such glimpses of the scene as the blinding lightning would allow, but when they reached the Clifton House they expressed their admiration of the wonders of which they had been witnesses. After breakfast the Duke and his family were driven across the bridge to this side of the river and visited the whirlpool. They were then driven around Goat Island and through Prospect Park, and took every variety of views of the Falls. In the afternoon they were driven over the Clark Hill Islands to the Burning Springs, crossing the two new suspension bridges, and were delighted with the scenery. The ducal party gave up the idea of descending the river, and left Niagara Falls at 4:30 P. M., Friday, in a special train on the Great Western Railway for Montreal, where they remained until Monday. Lord Walter Campbell left for New York on that day in order to sail for Europe on Wednesday. Then the remainder of the party went direct to Quebec, where apartments have been prepared for them in the Citadel, the temporary quarters of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. They will remain the guests of the viceroy until July, and will set sail for England, at New York, on the 16th.

A Famous London Solicitor.

THE London papers record the death of a man who, probably, was the repository of more dark secrets than any man in England, save his own son. He was head of the famous Hebrew firm of solicitors, Lewis & Lewis, of Ely Place. If any one in the British Dominions can "pull a fellow through," they are the men; and albeit they take cases of the darkest complexion, they have always maintained a character for personal integrity and respectability. The gains of this firm are believed to have been, during the past twenty years, as large as those of any attorneys in London, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two firms who receive immense sums as advisers of great commercial houses and companies.

As a sample of the cases sometimes dealt with by the Messrs. Lewis, we may mention one which came within their ken some twenty-five years ago. A young Guardsman, of high aristocratic connections, was charged with a most serious offense. The family "Tulkinghorn" at once saw that Lewis & Lewis were, under the circumstances, the only loophole of escape. The young man appeared before Sir Thomas Henry, then chief magistrate, under an assumed name, and Mr. George Lewis begged that the magistrate would deal summarily with the case. "If you talk all night, Mr. Lewis," said the magistrate, "it will make no difference. I shall still commit the prisoner for trial at the Central Criminal Court." He was accordingly committed. But when the case came on, not a witness was forthcoming. Messrs. Lewis's fee was \$5,250. The record book of their office would, if published, convulse society.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Night Patrol of St. Petersburg.

The riots and assassinations in Russia, which culminated in the attempt on the life of the Czar, have been met by reprisals by the authorities. General Gourko, being appointed Governor of St. Petersburg, issued an order that every householder should engage a man to act as porter to guard each house during the night, so that no seditious placards might be placed upon the walls. But this order very soon became a dead-letter, for it was found that men refused to act as porters, being deterred therefrom by the threats of the Nihilists, who even defied the police, and it is rumored, pasted their placards, on one or two occasions, on the backs of these astute officials. This order was followed by a second forbidding internal movement without permits, and a third directing all citizens to be at home by nine o'clock. The city wears the aspect of a brick camp which expects attack, the streets occupied by the porter-sentries, the inhabitants shrinking into their houses, the soldiers under arms and ready for immediate action. Certainly the organization of the conspirators seems singularly complete. Their pamphlets, placards and threats find their way to their proper destination in the most remarkable manner. They have been discovered even in official documents and Ministers' portfolios.

General Garibaldi in Italy.

General Garibaldi, having left the Island of Capri, in consequence of continued illness, has taken up his residence in the Villa Le Lleur, at Albano, a picturesque and peaceful spot, well calculated to charm the latter days of the red-shirted hero. Upon his arrival at Rome, Garibaldi, accompanied by his son Menotti, paid a visit to King Humbert at the Royal Palace of the Quirinal. His Majesty, not wishing to subject the old soldier to the fatigue of climbing the stairs, went out into the gardens and received the caller in his carriage, General Medici appearing as escort. During the interview, Menotti Garibaldi stood uncovered beside the carriage.

The Zulu War.

On March 30th an important battle was fought by Brigadier-General Evelyn Wood, V. C., C. B., in defending his fortified camp at Kambula Hill, on the Transvaal frontier of Zululand, against a very large attacking force. This was two days after the disaster which a portion of his force, chiefly their regular cavalry, had experienced on the Zibane Mountain. On the 29th, which was the very next day, Brigadier-General Wood received information that he was about to be attacked, and accordingly took steps to insure the safety of his camp, which consisted of a square wagon laager surrounded by an intrenchment of a strong profile, thus giving a double tier of fire on all sides. A short distance above, to the northwest, a small redoubt had been thrown up, in which two mountain-guns were placed. At 1:30 P. M. on the 30th the attack commenced, and was continued with great pertinacity until 5:30, when the enemy fell back in confusion. The fighting at Ginghlovo on April 2d was distinguished by the bold participation of the Naval Brigade. In fact, the seamen of H. M. S. *Boadicea*, with the Marines of H. M. S. *Shah*, with the Sixtieth Rifles, were the first engaged, opening a steady fire on the enemy as soon as they were well within range. Later on in the engagement the *Boadicea's* Gatling gun did great execution. Six Zulu warriors were found dead in a cluster thirty yards from it. Next to the Sixtieth, another party of the *Shah's* men, with one rocket tube and the Ninety-ninth Regiment facing due west, were called upon to use their rifles. It was from this front and bearing to its left (where the *Tenedos* Bluejackets were intrenched) that the hottest attack developed itself. Ginghlovo was a camp that Lord Chelmsford had intrenched while on his march to the relief of Colonel Pearson at Ekowa.

End of the Afghan War.

The first conference between Yakob Khan, son of the late Ameer, and Major Cavanari, the Political Agent for the Indian Government, attached to General Sir Samuel Browne's headquarters for the arrangement of terms of peace, took place at Gundamak, thirty or forty miles west of Jellalabad, on the road to Cabul. Our view of Gundamak looks towards the Jughdullak Pass, from the high ground over the Murki Kheyl, with the village of Asham Kheyl among the trees, and the bridge of the Chishab, or spring. The rocky ridge that rises highest to the right hand is a prolongation of the Shah Koh range, which begins at Durunta, in the Jellalabad valley, and is continued to a dip where the road turns towards Jughdullak; to the left of that dip is a range connected with the Safed Koh Mountains, and beyond this range lies the plain of Cabul. From Gundamak, Yakob Khan advanced to Jellalabad, where he was received with signal courtesy by Sir Samuel Browne and Major Cavanari, and the negotiations proceeded with a successful result. The half-brother of Shere Ali—namely, the Sirdar Wali Mohammed—was considered an important personage, in view of the possibility of the British not being able to come to terms with Yakob Khan, or in the event of Yakob Khan failing to secure his position as ruler of Afghanistan. At an interview between Wali Mohammed and Sir Samuel Browne, the General is seen seated in the armchair, listening attentively to his Afghan visitor, who is said to be a garrulous talker, but genial and pleasant; the interpreter between them is Major E. R. Conolly, of the Staff Corps, who sits on the left hand of the Sirdar, with one of the Afghans in attendance on Wali Mohammed. This uncle of Yakob Khan is a man of fifty-five years of age, and has been much versed in political business, but has not shown any great ability or force of character.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—GEORGIA will issue another series of four per cent. bonds, amounting to \$200,000, next Spring.

—IN Chicago, the Common Council has resolved not to attempt to stop the liquor traffic on Sundays.

—TWO-THIRDS of North Carolina's 1,100 convicts are leased out for work upon the railroads in the State.

—NEARLY 5,000 more persons emigrated from Germany last year than in the preceding one, the total being 46,286.

—NEVADA prohibits opium-smoking, and provides a penalty of \$1,000, or an imprisonment for two years, for each offense.

—THE Swiss Federal Council desire the Chambers to impose additional duties on cigars, tobacco, coffee, chicory and spices.

—THE municipal council of Paris, considering the question of cremation, have agreed that experiments may be made at Père-la-Chaise.

—OVER \$40,000 worth of imported live stock—horses, cattle, sheep and hogs—have been disposed of at the recent Spring sales in Tennessee.

—A BILL is being prepared for the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies to authorize the reduction of the term of compulsory service in the army to three years.

—THE famine in Cashmere has become so serious that the authorities are compelled to send assistance to the sufferers. Many towns and villages have already been depopulated.

—THE offensive working of the new trades-licensing tax, an impost which falls most heavily on the poorer classes, is leading to a general strike amongst the native workmen of Calcutta.

—THE value of articles manufactured in New Hampshire last year aggregated \$96,000,000, among them being \$30,588,500 worth of cotton goods, \$11,709,000 of boots and shoes, and \$9,222,000 of woollens.

—CAMELS have suffered severely in the Afghan campaign. Thousands have died from overwork and bad forage, and for many years the trade between India and Central Asia will be greatly crippled for want of this means of carriage.

—TEN thousand peasants from all parts of Poland attended the centenary of St. Stanislaus at Cracow a few days ago. The speakers—deputies, professors, priests, and peasants—reprobated Socialist and revolutionary doctrines.

—A NEW Anglo-Portuguese treaty has been concluded for the development of freedom, commerce, and civilization in Africa, and a British man-of-war has been sent to Mozambique to co-operate with the Portuguese for the suppression of the slave trade.

—By reason of a heavy flood, the River Po, in Italy, burst its banks on June 4th, between the towns of Sernide and Revere, near Mantua, occasioning great damage. A Bill granting aid to the sufferers was immediately introduced in the Chamber of Deputies.

—STRONG pressure is being brought to induce the Indian Government to prohibit the great religious fairs, on the ground that they almost invariably form centres whence pestilence spreads throughout the country, and that an effective sanitary control of the masses of pilgrims assembled is almost impossible.

—TIME's changes have seldom been as touchingly illustrated as in the cases of Laura Mitchell and Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers. The former was the slave of the latter, and, after supporting her mistress for fourteen years, paid all the expenses of the funeral when she died in Columbus, Ga., a few days ago, at the age of seventy-three.

—THE colored people of Collin County, Texas, are just now greatly exercised over an alleged wonderful apparition in the heavens. They claim to see nightly one black and two white horses coursing athwart the sky, and claim that the black one presages death to their race, and that the white ones are to furnish transportation to the home of the angels.

—It has been decided to admit women to the privileges of students in the Harvard Medical School under certain restrictions, which are understood to be that women shall be instructed separate from men in all exercises in which students take an active part, such as laboratory work and recitations, and in lectures on women's diseases, anatomy and the like.

—THE latest charitable organization in London is known as the Sea-shell Mission, the active members being the boys and girls of parents able to indulge in Summer trips to the seaside. The shells are collected, labeled, done up in boxes of 200, and sent to the Homes and hospitals in London for the little sufferers who never have an opportunity for scanning across the blue waters.

—LATE intelligence from Mandalay is of a serious character. It is said that numbers of Burmese troops are going down the river. The forts near that place are being garrisoned, and much alarm is felt. An unpleasant rumor says certain females of the royal family, for whose safety the British Government stipulated, have been placed in irons and will probably be starved.

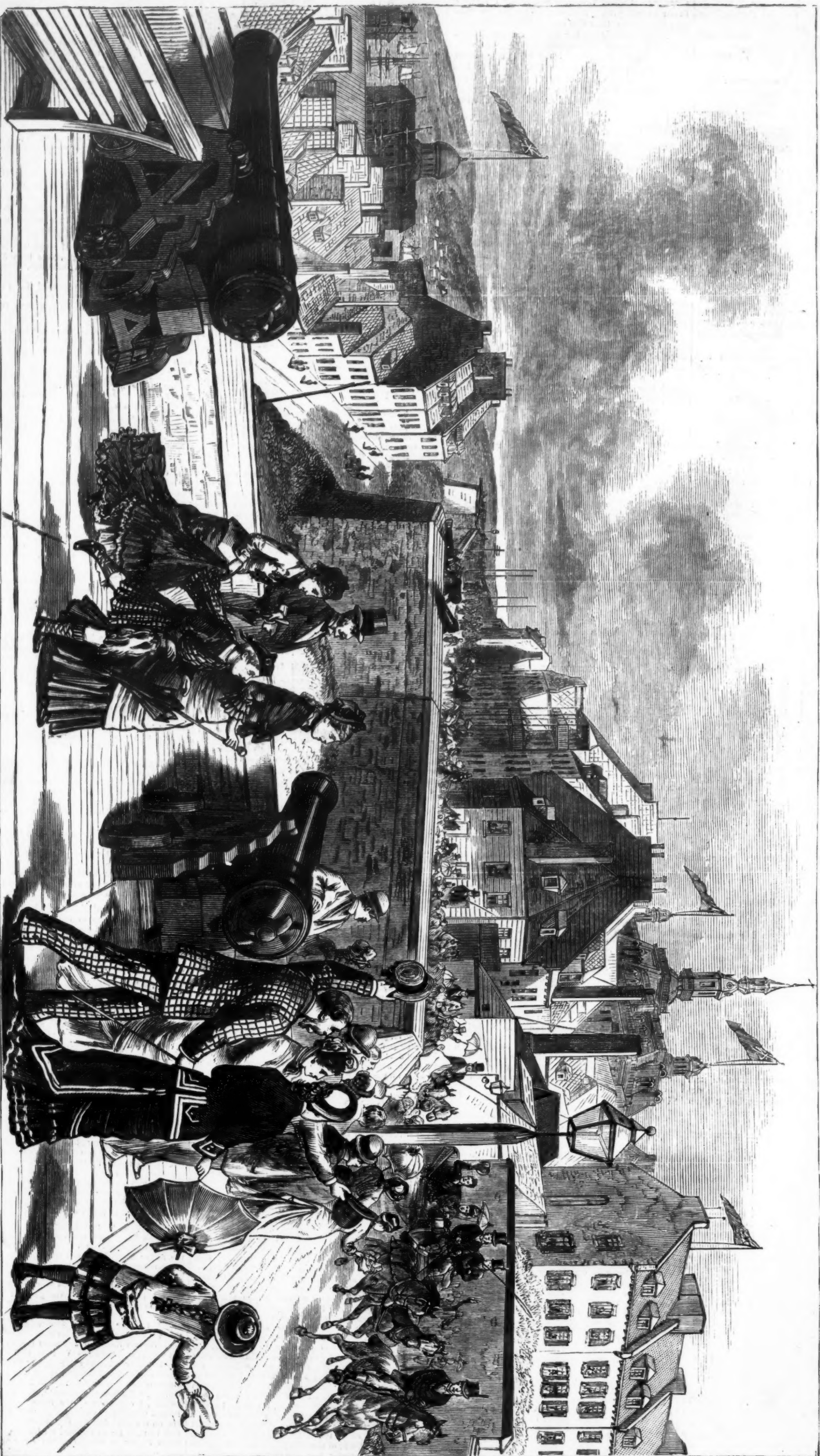
—A PROPOSITION has been submitted to the Santo Domingo Congress by President Gallierose to establish free trade with the United States, on account of the excitement that prevails because of the increase of the duty on tobacco in Germany. It is proposed to admit into Santo Domingo, duty free, all American produce, provided the United States will grant the same privilege to Santo Domingo produce.

—FRANCE is preparing for a grand military display in September, when the new flags will be distributed to her army at Vincennes. All the regiments of the active army, horse and foot, and the 145 corps of the territorial army, will be represented at the review. The number of flags originally ordered was 304, and 119 standards, but was afterwards increased by eight more, for the Republican Guard, the gendarmerie, the pompiers and the marine infantry.

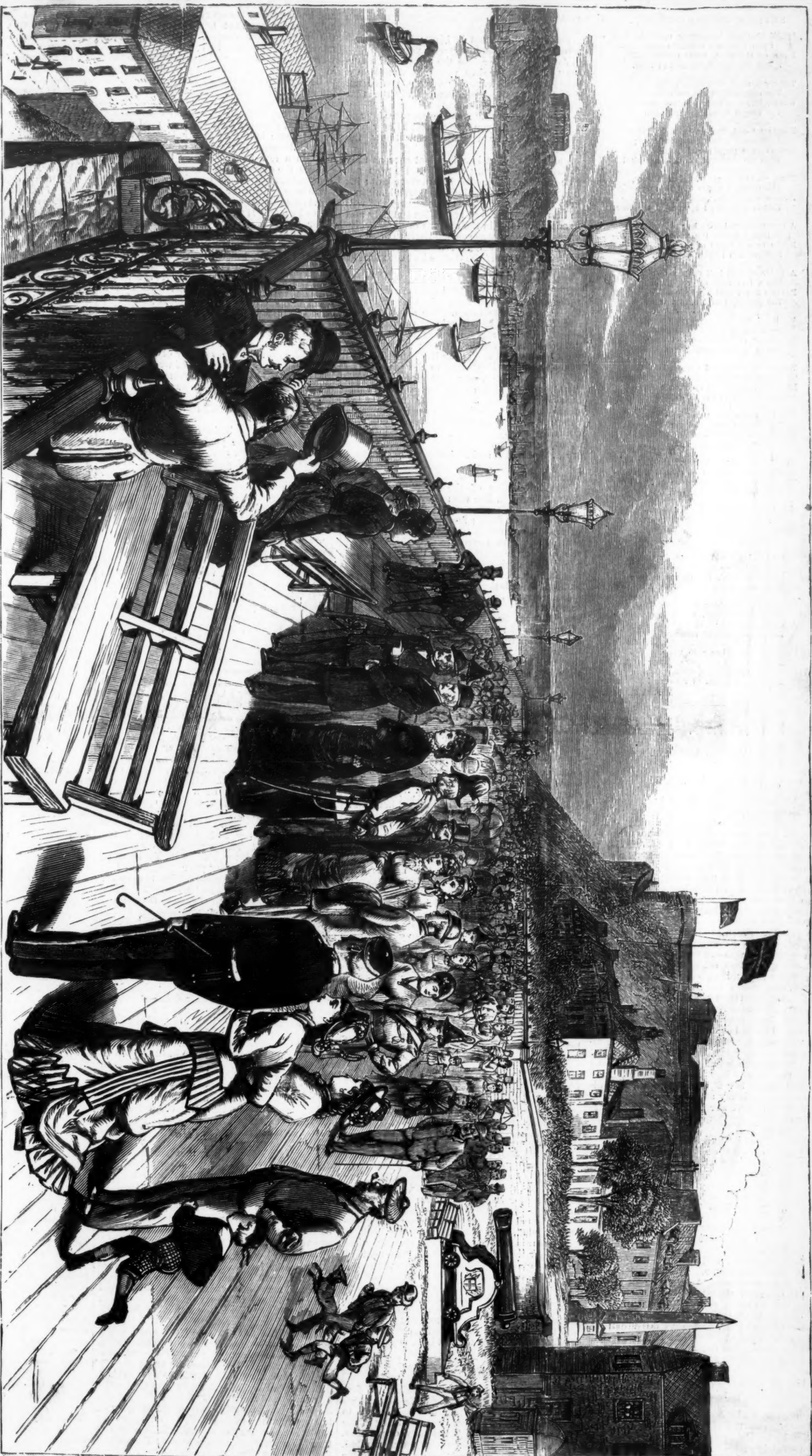
—ON June 4th, the Democrats of Ohio made the following nominations for State officers: For Governor—Thomas Ewing, of Lancaster County; for Lieutenant-Governor—Amicus V. Rice, of Putnam County; for Treasurer—Anthony Howells, of Stark County; for Auditor—Charles Reemelin, of Hamilton County; for Judge of the Supreme Court—W. J. Gilmore, of Preble County; for Attorney-General—Isaiah Pillars, of Allen County; for Member of the Board of Public Works—Patrick O'Marah, of Cuyahoga County. The Greenbackers, on the same day, nominated for Governor—A. Saunders Platt, of Logan County; for Lieutenant-Governor—Hugo Freyer, of Stark County; for Auditor—Andrew Ray, of Jackson County; for Treasurer—Charles Jenkins, of Mahoning County; for Supreme Judge—A. M. Jackson, of Cuyahoga County; for Attorney-General—James C. Crogan, of Hocking County; for Member of the Board of Public Works—George W. Platt, of Hamilton County.



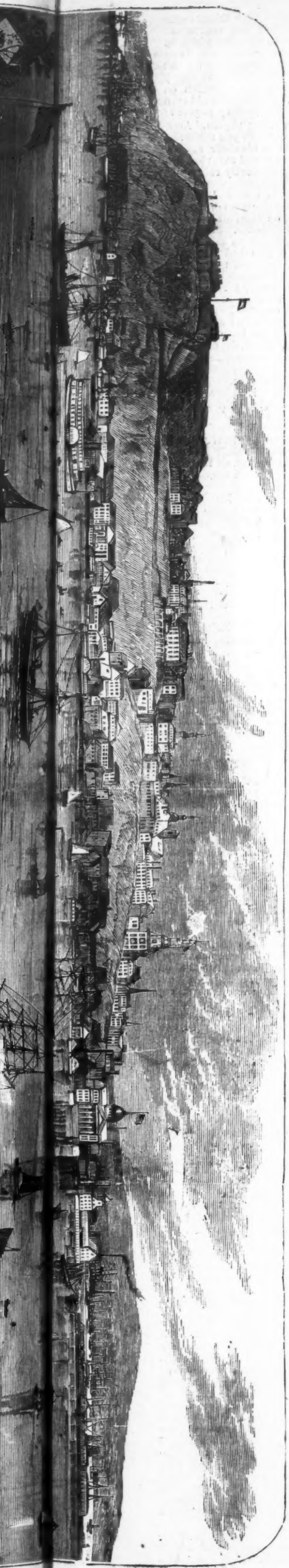
GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY AND FORTIFICATIONS OF QUEBEC, TAKEN AT POINT LEVI.



ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND SUITE AT QUEBEC—THE DRIVE ON THE RAMPARTS, SHOWING THE CUSTOM-HOUSE ON THE LEFT AND LAVALLE UNIVERSITY IN THE DISTANCE.
CANADA—FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE TO QUEBEC.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 267.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND SUITE, WITH THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND FAMILY, TAKING A PROMENADE ON THE DUFFERIN TERRACE.



SEVILLE BY MOONLIGHT.

THE blue and languorous midnight falls
Upon Giralda's roseate tower,
Down on the wide, white marble halls,
Silent and slumberous as the hour.

The air a scent of orange hides,
The alamedas bloom with balm;
Where, like a thread of silver glides
The limpid Guadalquivir's calm.

The grand cathedral prays and dreams
In moonlit quiet, grave and still;
And every solemn portal seems
With memories of the Moorish skill.

Near, on the plaza, white with stars,
The indolent majos find repose;
Around them music of guitars
Blends with the fragrance of the rose.

A swart gitano loiters by;
Within his mesh the knife sleeps yet—
Bright as the lustre of his eyes
Sparkles his twisted cigarette.

A whirl of fans half stills a laugh,
The velvet flash of orbs divine
Reveals fair manolas who quaff
The golden, rich Montilla wine.

While all the merry groups around,
Living to love and to forget,
Sing some mad bacchanal of sound,
Timed by the clicking castanet.

Within the steep and narrow lanes,
There in the soft and shifting shade,
Float on a song, the loves, the pains
The languors of the serenade!

And till the warm, sweet night hath flown,
The duenas doze, and gallants hope;
While from quaint balconies of stone
Dangles the tell-tale, silken rope.

Hark! through the favoring gloom I hear
The cautious tread of men that lurk—
An oath of anger shocks the ear,
I see the glitter of a dirk.

Waiting above move satined feet—
Two eyes read passion in two eyes;
There, in delicious rapture sweet,
Beauty and youth taste Paradise.

'Tis o'er—I did not care to wait
And feel the crimson rain of blood;
The clash of steel, the groans of hate
Were long since silenced by the flood.

Of song and laughter, clear and loud,
From gypsies gay, who hand in hand,
A weird, grotesque and bawling crowd,
Danced a delicious sarabaud.

Until the moon began to wane,
And, with its suite of dreamy stars,
Sank into nothingness again,
Behind the gloom of Alcazars!

F. S. SALTER.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(CONTINUED).

"I AM sorry to say I have bad, very bad news for you," the doctor began. "Time is of serious importance—I must speak plainly. You have heard of mistakes made by taking the wrong bottle of medicine? The poor lady up-stairs is, I fear, in a dying state from an accident of that sort. Try to compose yourself. You may really be of use to me, if you are firm enough to take my place while I am away."

Amelius steadied himself instantly. "What I can do I will do," he answered.

The doctor looked at him. "I believe you," he said. "Now listen. In this case, a dose limited to fifteen drops has been confounded with a dose of two table-spoonfuls; and the drug taken by mistake is strychnine. One grain of the poison has been known to prove fatal—she has taken three. The convulsion fits have begun. Antidotes are out of the question—the poor creature can swallow nothing. I have heard of opium as a possible means of relief, and I am going to get the instrument for injecting it under the skin. Not that I have much belief in the remedy; but I must try something. Have you courage enough to hold her if another of the convulsions comes on in my absence?"

"Will it relieve her, if I hold her?" Amelius asked.

"Certainly."

"Then I promise to do it."

"Mind! you must do it thoroughly. There are only two women up-stairs, both perfectly useless in this emergency. If she shrieks to you to be held, exert your strength—take her with a firm grasp. If you only touch her (I can't explain it, but it is so), you will make matters worse."

The servant ran down-stairs while he was speaking. "Don't leave us, sir—I'm afraid it's coming on again."

"This gentleman will help you while I am away," said the doctor. "One word more," he went on, addressing Amelius. "In the intervals between the fits she is perfectly conscious, able to listen, and even to speak. If she has any last wishes to communicate, make good use of the time. She may die of exhaustion at any moment. I will be back directly."

He hurried to the door.

"Take my cab," said Amelius, "and save time."

"But the young lady—"

"Leave her to me." He opened the cab-door and gave his hand to Sally. It was done in a moment. The doctor drove off.

Amelius saw the servant waiting for them in the hall. He spoke to Sally, telling her, considerably and gently, what he had heard, before he took her into the house. "I had such good hope for you," he said; "and it has come to this dreadful end. Have you courage to go through with it, if I take you to her bedside? You will be glad one day, my dear, to

remember that you cheered your mother's last moments on earth."

Sally put her hand in his. "I will go anywhere," she said softly, "with you."

Amelius led her into the house. The servant, in pity for her youth, ventured on a word of remonstrance. "Oh, sir, you're not going to let the poor young lady see that dreadful sight up-stairs!"

"You mean well," Amelius answered, "and I thank you. If you knew what I know, you would take her up-stairs, too. Show the way."

Sally looked at him in silent awe as they followed the servant together. He was not like the same man. His brows were knit; his lips were fast set; he held the girl's hand in a grip that hurt her. The latent strength of will in him—that reserved resolution so finely and firmly entwined in the natures of sensitively-organized men—was rousing itself to meet the coming trial. The doctor would have doubly believed in him, if the doctor had seen him at that moment.

They reached the first-floor landing.

Before the servant could open the drawing-room door, a shriek rang frightfully through the silence in the house. The servant drew back, and crouched trembling on the upper stairs. At the same moment the door was flung open, and another woman ran out, wild with terror. "I can't bear it!" she cried, and rushed up the stairs, blind to the presence of strangers in the panic that possessed her. Amelius entered the drawing-room with his arm round Sally, holding her up. As he placed her in a chair, the dreadful cry was renewed. He only waited to rouse and encourage her by a word and a look—and ran into the bedroom.

For an instant, and an instant only, he stood horror-struck in the presence of the poisoned woman.

The fell action of the strychnine wrung every muscle in her with the torture of convulsion. Her hands were fast clinched; her head was bent back; her body, rigid as a bar of iron, was arched upwards from the bed, resting on the two extremities of the head and the heels; the staring eyes, the dusky face, the twisted lips, the clinched teeth, were frightful to see. He faced it. After the one instant of hesitation, he faced it.

Before she could cry out again his hands were on her. The whole exertion of his strength was barely enough to keep the frenzied throbs of the convulsion, as it reached its climax, from throwing her off the bed. Through the worst of it he was still equal to the trust that had been placed in him—still faithful to the work of mercy. Little by little he felt the lessening resistance of the rigid body, as the paroxysm began to subside. He saw the ghastly stare die out of her eyes and the twisted lips relax from their dreadful grin. The tortured body sank and rested; the perspiration broke out on her face; her languid hands fell gently over on the bed. For a while the heavy eyelids closed, then opened again feebly. She looked at him. "Do you know me?" he asked, bending over her. And she answered, in a faint whisper, "Amelius!"

He knelt down by her, and kissed her hand.

"Can you listen, if I tell you something?" She breathed heavily; her bosom heaved under the suffocating oppression that weighed upon it. As he took her in his arms to raise her in the bed, Sally's voice reached him in low, imploring tones from the next room. "Oh, let me come to you! I'm so frightened here by myself."

He waited before he told her to come in, looking for a moment at the face that was resting on his breast. A gray shadow was stealing over it; a cold and clammy moisture struck a chill through him as he put his hand on her forehead. He turned towards the next room. The girl had ventured as far as the door; he beckoned to her. She came in timidly and stood by him, and looked at her mother. Amelius signed to her to take his place. "Put your arms round her," he whispered. "Oh, Sally, tell her who you are in a kiss!" The girl's tears fell fast as she pressed her lips on her mother's cheek. The dying woman looked up at her with a glance of helpless inquiry—then looked at Amelius. There was a doubt in her eyes that made his heart ache. Arranging the pillows so that she could keep her raised position in the bed, he signed to Sally to approach him, and removed the slipper from her left foot. As he took it off he looked again at the bed—looked and shuddered. In a moment more it might be too late. With his knife he ripped up the stocking, and, lifting her on the bed, put her bare foot on her mother's lap. "Your child! your child!" he cried; "I've found your own darling! For God's sake, rouse yourself! Look!"

She heard him. She lifted her feebly-declining head. She looked. She knew.

For one awful moment, the sinking, vital forces rallied, and hurried back the hold of Death. Her eyes shone radiant with the divine light of maternal love; an exulting cry of rapture burst from her. Slowly, very slowly, she bent forward, until her face rested on her daughter's foot. With a faint sigh of ecstasy she kissed it. The moments passed—and the bent head was raised no more. The last beat of the heart was a beat of joy.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE day had advanced to evening. A few hours of repose and solitude at the cottage had helped Amelius, in some degree, to recover his tranquillity. He was sitting in the library, with Sally for his only companion. The silence in the room was uninterrupted. On the open desk at his side lay the letter which Mrs. Farnaby had written to him on the morning of her death.

He had found the letter—with the envelope unfastened—on the floor of the bedchamber,

and had fortunately secured it before the landlady and the servant had ventured back to the room. The doctor, returning a few minutes afterwards, had warned the two women that a coroner's inquest would be held in the house, and had vainly cautioned them to be careful of what they said or did in the interval. Not only the subject of the death, but a discovery which had followed, revealing the name of the ill-fated woman marked on her linen, and showing that she had used an assumed name in taking the lodgings as Mrs. Ronald, became the gossip of the neighborhood in a few hours. Under these circumstances, the catastrophe was made the subject of a paragraph in the evening journals, the name being added for the information of any surviving relatives who might be ignorant of the sad event. If the landlady had found the letter, that circumstance also would, in all probability, have formed part of the statement in the newspapers, and the secret of Mrs. Farnaby's life and death would have been revealed to the public view.

"I can trust you, and you only," she wrote to Amelius, "to fulfill the last wishes of a dying woman. You know me, and you know how I looked forward to the prospect of a happy life in retirement with my child. The one hope that I lived for has proved to be a cruel delusion. I have only this morning discovered, beyond the possibility of doubt, that I have been made the victim of wretches who have deliberately lied to me from first to last. If I had been a happier woman, I might have had other interests to sustain me under this frightful disaster. Such as I am, death is my one refuge left."

"My suicide will be known to no creature but yourself. Some years since, the idea of self-destruction—concealed under the disguise of a common mistake—presented itself to my mind. I kept the means (very simple means) by me, thinking I might end in that way after all. When you read this, I shall be at rest for ever. You will do what I have yet to ask of you, in merciful remembrance of me—I am sure of that."

"You have a long life before you, Amelius. My foolish fancy about you and my lost girl still lingers in my mind; I still think it may be just possible that you may meet with her in the course of years."

"If this does happen, I implore you, by the tenderness and pity that you once felt for me, to tell no human creature that she is my daughter; and, if John Farnaby is living at the time, I forbid you, with the authority of a dying friend, to let her see him, or to let her know even that such a person exists. Are you at a loss to account for my motives? I may make the shameful confession which will enlighten you, now I know that we shall never meet again. My child was born before my marriage; and the man who afterwards became my husband—a man of low origin, I should tell you—was the father. He had calculated on this disgraceful circumstance to force my parents to make his fortune by making me his wife. I now know (what I only vaguely suspected before), that he deliberately abandoned his child, as a likely cause of hindrance and scandal in the way of his prosperous career in life. Do you now think I am asking too much when I entreat you to never even speak to my lost darling of this unnatural wretch? As for my own fair fame, I am not thinking of myself. With Death close at my side, I think of my poor mother, and of all that she suffered and sacrificed to save me from the disgrace that I had deserved. For her sake, not for mine, keep silence to friends and enemies alike if they ask you who my girl is—with the one exception of my lawyer. Years since, I left in his care the means of making a small provision for my child, on the chance that she might live to claim it. You can show him this letter as your authority, in case of need."

"Try not to forget me, Amelius—but don't grieve about me. I go to my death as you go to your sleep when you are tired. I leave you my grateful love—you have always been good to me. There is no more to write; I hear the servant returning from the chemist's, bringing with her my release from the hard burden of life without hope. May you be happier than I have been! Good-by!"

So she parted from him for ever. But the fatal association of the unhappy woman's sorrows with the life and fortunes of Amelius was not at an end yet.

He had neither hesitation nor misgiving in resolving to show a natural respect to the wishes of the dead. Now that the miserable story of the past had been unreservedly disclosed to him, he would have felt himself bound in honor (even without instructions to guide him) to keep the discovery of the daughter a secret, for the mother's sake. With that conviction he had read the distressing letter. With that conviction he now rose to provide for the safe keeping of it under lock and key.

Just as he had secured the letter in a private drawer of his desk, Toff came in with a card, and announced that a gentleman wished to see him. Amelius, looking at the card, was surprised to find on it the name of "Mr. Melton." Some lines were written on it in pencil: "I have called to speak with you on a matter of serious importance." Wondering what his middle-aged rival could want with him, Amelius instructed Toff to admit the visitor.

Sally started to her feet, with her customary distrust of strangers. "May I run away before he comes in?" she asked. "If you like," Amelius answered, quietly. She ran to the door of her room, at the moment when Toff appeared again, announcing the visitor. Mr. Melton entered just before she disappeared; he saw the flutter of her dress as the door closed behind her.

"I fear I am disturbing you?" he said, looking hard at the door.

He was perfectly dressed; his hat and

gloves were models of what such things ought to be; he was melancholy and courteous; blandly distrustful of the flying skirts which he had seen at the door. When Amelius offered him a chair, he took it with a mysterious sigh; mournfully resigned to the necessity of sitting down. "I won't prolong my intrusion on you," he resumed. "You have no doubt seen the melancholy news in the evening papers?"

"I haven't seen the evening papers," Amelius answered; "what news do you mean?"

Mr. Melton leaned back in his chair, and expressed emotions of sorrow and surprise, in a perfect state of training, by gently raising his eyebrows.

"Oh dear, dear! this is very sad. I had hoped to find you in full possession of the particulars—reconciled, as we must all be, to the inscrutable ways of Providence. Permit me to break it to you as gently as possible. I came here to inquire if you had heard yet from Miss Regina. Understand my motive! there must be no misapprehension between us on that subject. There is a very serious necessity—pray follow me carefully—I say, a very serious necessity for my communicating immediately with Miss Regina's uncle; and I know of nobody who is likely to hear from the travelers, so soon after their departure, as yourself. You are (in a certain sense) a member of the family."

"Stop a minute," said Amelius.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Melton, politely, at a loss to understand the interruption.

"I didn't at first know what you meant," Amelius explained. "You put it, if you will forgive me for saying so, in rather a round-about way. If you are alluding, all this time, to Mrs. Farnaby's death, I must honestly tell you that I know of it already."

The bland self-possession of Mr. Melton's face began to show signs of being ruffled. He had been in a manner deluded into exhibiting his conventionally-fluent eloquence, in the choicest modulations of his sonorous voice—and it wounded his self-esteem to be placed in a ridiculous position. "I understood you to say," he remarked, stiffly, "that you had not seen the evening newspapers."

"You are quite right," Amelius rejoined; "I have not seen them."

"Then may I inquire," Mr. Melton proceeded, "how you became informed of Mrs. Farnaby's death?"

Amelius replied with his customary frankness. "I went to call on the poor lady this morning," he said, "knowing nothing of what had happened; I met the doctor at the door; and I was present at her death."

Even Mr. Melton's carefully-trained composure was not proof against the revelation that now opened before him. He burst out with an exclamation of astonishment, like an ordinary man.

"Good heavens, what does this mean!"

Amelius took it as a question addressed to himself. "I'm sure I don't know," he said, quietly.

Mr. Melton, misunderstanding Amelius, on his side, interpreted those innocent words as an outbreak of vulgar interruption. "Pardon me," he said, coldly. "I was about to explain myself. You will presently understand my surprise. After seeing the evening paper, I went at once to make inquiries at the address mentioned. In Mr. Farnaby's absence, I felt bound to do this as his old friend. I saw the landlady, and (with her assistance) the doctor also. Both these persons spoke of a gentleman who had called that morning, accompanied by a young lady, and who had insisted on taking the young lady up-stairs with him. Until you mentioned just now that you were present at the death, I had no suspicion that you were 'the gentleman.' Surprise on my part was, I think, only natural. I could scarcely be expected to know that you were in Mrs. Farnaby's confidence about the place of her retreat. And with regard to the young lady, I am quite at a loss to understand—"

"If you understand that the people at the house told you the truth, so far as I am concerned," Amelius interposed, "I hope that will be enough. With regard to the young lady, I must beg you to excuse me for speaking plainly. I have nothing to say about her to you or to anybody."

Mr. Melton rose with the utmost dignity and the fullest possession of his vocal resources.

"Permit me to assure you," he said, with frigidly fluent politeness, "that I have no wish to force myself into your confidence. One remark I will venture to make. It is easy enough, no doubt, to keep your own secrets when you are speaking to me. You will find some difficulty, I fear, in pursuing the same course, when you are called upon to give evidence before the coroner. I presume you know that you will be summoned as a witness at the inquest?"

"I left my name and address with the doctor for that purpose," Amelius rejoined, as composedly as ever; "and I am ready to bear witness to what I saw at poor Mrs. Farnaby's bedside. But if all the coroners in England questioned me about anything else, I should say to them just what I have said to you."

Mr. Melton smiled with well-bred irony. "We shall see," he said. "In the meantime, I presume I may ask you (in the interests of the family) to send me the address on the letter as soon as you hear from Miss Regina. I have no other means of communicating with Mr. Farnaby. In respect to the melancholy event, I may add that I have undertaken to provide for the funeral, and to pay any little outstanding debts, and so forth. As Mr. Farnaby's old friend and representative—"

The conclusion of the sentence was interrupted by the appearance of Toff, with a note. "I beg your pardon, sir, the person is waiting," he said, giving the note to his master. "She says it's only a receipt to sign; the box is in the hall."

Amelius examined the inclosure. It was a

formal document, acknowledging the receipt of Sally's clothes, returned to her by the authorities at the Home. With a glance at the door of Sally's room, Amelius took a pen to sign the receipt. Mr. Melton, observing him, prepared to retire. "I am only interrupting you," he said. "You have my address on your card. Good evening."

He passed an elderly woman, waiting in the hall. Toff, hastening before him to open the garden gate, was saluted by the gruff voice of a cabman outside. The person whom the cabman had driven to the cottage had not paid him his right fare; he wanted his money, or the person's name and address. Quietly crossing the road, Mr. Melton heard the woman's voice next; she had got her receipt, and had followed him out. In the dispute about fares and distances that ensued he heard, more than once mentioned, the name of the Home and of the locality in which it was situated.

Later in the evening, he looked in at his club; consulted a directory; and drew the obvious conclusion that he had discovered an inmate of an asylum for lost women, in the house of the man to whom Regina was engaged to be married.

The next morning's post brought to Amelius a letter from Regina. It was dated from an hotel in Paris. Her "dear uncle" had overestimated his strength. He had refused to stay and rest for the night at Calais; and he suffered so severely from the fatigue of the long journey that he had been confined to his bed since his arrival. The English physician consulted had declined to say when he would be strong enough to travel again; the constitution of the patient must have received some serious shock; he was brought very low. Having carefully reported the new medical opinion, Regina was at liberty to indulge herself, next, in expressions of affection, and to assure Amelius of her anxiety to hear from him as soon as possible. But in this case again, the "dear uncle's" convenience was still the first consideration. She reverted to Mr. Farnaby in making her excuses for a hurriedly-written letter. The poor invalid suffered from depression of spirits; his great consolation in his illness was to hear his niece read to him; he was calling for her, indeed, at that moment. The inevitable postscript warmed into a mild effusion of fondness. "How I wish you could be with us. But, alas, it cannot be!"

Amelius copied the address on the letter, and sent it to Mr. Melton immediately.

It was then the twenty-fourth day of the month. The tidal train did not leave London early on that morning, and the inquest was deferred, to suit other pressing engagements of the coroner, until the twenty-sixth. Mr. Melton decided (after his interview with Amelius) that the emergency was sufficiently serious to justify him in following his telegram to Paris. It was clearly his duty, as an old friend, to mention to Mr. Farnaby what he had discovered at the cottage, as well as what he had heard from the landlady at the lodgings; leaving the uncle to act as he thought right in the interests of the niece. Whether that course of action might not also serve the interests of Mr. Melton himself (in the character of an unsuccessful suitor for Regina's hand), Mr. Melton did not stop to inquire. Beyond his duty, it was, for the present at least, not his business to look.

That night, the two gentlemen held a private consultation at Paris; the doctor having previously certified that his patient was incapable of supporting the journey back to London, under any circumstances.

The question of the formal proceedings rendered necessary by Mrs. Farnaby's death having been discussed and disposed of, Mr. Melton next entered on the narrative which the obligations of friendship imperatively demanded from him. To his astonishment and alarm, Mr. Farnaby started up in the bed like a man panic-stricken. "Did you say," he stammered, as soon as he could speak, "you meant to make inquiries about that—that girl?"

"I certainly thought it desirable, bearing in mind Mr. Goldenheart's position in your family."

"Do nothing of the sort! Say nothing to Regina or to any living creature. Wait till I get well again—and leave me to deal with it. I am the proper person to take it in hand. Don't you see that for yourself? And, look here! there may be questions asked at the inquest. Some impudent scoundrel on the jury may want to pry into what doesn't concern him. The moment you're back in London, get a lawyer to represent us—the sharpest fellow that can be had for money. Tell him to stop all prying questions. Who the girl is, and what made that cursed young Socialist Goldenheart take her up-stairs with him—all that sort of thing has nothing to do with the manner in which my wife met her death. You understand? I look to you, Melton, to see yourself that this is done. The less said at the infernal inquest the better. In my position, it's an exposure that my enemies will make the most of, as it is. I'm too ill to go into the thing any further. No; I don't want Regina. Go to her in the sitting-room, and tell the courier to get you something to eat and drink. And, I say! for God's sake, don't be late for the Boulogne train to-morrow morning."

Left by himself, he gave full vent to his fury; he cursed Amelius with oaths that are not to be written.

He had burnt the letter which Mrs. Farnaby had written to him on leaving him for ever; but he had not burnt out of his memory the words which that letter contained. With his wife's language vividly present to his mind, he could arrive at but one conclusion, after what Mr. Melton had told him. Amelius was concerned in the discovery of his deserted daughter; Amelius had taken the girl to her dying mother's bedside. With his idiotic Socialist notions, he would be perfectly capable of owning the truth if inquiries were made.

The unblemished reputation which John Farnaby had built up by the self-seeking hypocrisy of a lifetime was at the mercy of a visionary young fool, who believed that rich men were created for the benefit of the poor, and who proposed to regenerate society by reviving the obsolete morality of the Primitive Christians. Was it possible for him to come to terms with such a person as this? There was not an inch of common ground on which they could meet. He dropped back on his pillow in despair, and lay for a while frowning and biting his nails. Suddenly he sat up again in the bed, and wiped his moist forehead, and heaved a heavy breath of relief. Had his illness obscured his intelligence? How was it he had not seen at once the perfectly easy way out of the difficulty which was presented by the facts themselves? Here is a man engaged to marry my niece, who has been discovered keeping a girl at his cottage—who even had the audacity to take her up-stairs with him when he made a call on my wife. Charge him with it in plain words; break off the engagement publicly in the face of society; and, if the profligate scoundrel tries to defend himself by telling the truth, who will believe him—when the girl was seen running out of his room, and when he refused, on the question being put to him, to say who she was?

So, in ignorance of his wife's last instructions to Amelius—in equal ignorance of the compassionate silence which an honorable man preserves when a woman's reputation is at his mercy—the wretch needlessly plotted and planned to save his usurped reputation; seeing all things, as such men invariably do, through the foul light of his own inbred baseness and cruelty. He was troubled by no retributive emotions of shame or remorse, in contemplating this second sacrifice to his own interests of the daughter whom he had deserted in her infancy. If he felt any misgivings, they related wholly to himself. His head was throbbing, his tongue was dry; a dread of increasing his illness shook him suddenly. He drank some of the lemonade at his bedside, and lay down to compose himself to sleep.

It was not to be done; there was a burning in his eyeballs; there was a wild, irregular beating at his heart, which kept him awake. In some degree, at least, retribution was on the way to him already. Mr. Melton, delicately administering sympathy and consolation to Regina—whose affectionate nature felt keenly the calamity of her aunt's death—Mr. Melton making himself modestly useful by reading aloud certain devotional poems much prized by Regina, was called out of the room by the courier. "I have just looked in at Mr. Farnaby, sir," said the man, "and I am afraid he is worse."

The physician was sent for. He thought so seriously of the change in the patient that he obliged Regina to accept the services of a professional nurse. When Mr. Melton started on his return journey the next morning, he left his friend in a high fever.

(To be continued.)

THE VICE-ROYAL VISIT TO QUEBEC.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise reached Quebec early on the morning of Wednesday, June 4th, and made an official landing from the steamer at 10:30. Although a severe storm of rain prevailed at the time, the streets were crowded with spectators, and there was a grand display of flags and banners, not only on the shipping in the harbor, but in the city.

The Vice-royal party were received by the Mayor, and as soon as they touched the wharf, the troops forming the three guards of honor (B Battery, the Eighth Royal Rifles and the Ninth Battalion) gave a royal salute; the bands played the national anthem, and twenty-one guns were fired from the citadel. The party were immediately conveyed to the pavilion, where were assembled the City Councillors' Reception Committee and other dignitaries. The Mayor rose and read the address of welcome in behalf of the Corporation, to which the Governor-General replied in French. After this formal ceremony, the members of the Reception Committee and the City Council were then presented to His Excellency and Her Royal Highness, and the ceremony on the wharf was concluded with a presentation to the Princess, by Madame Baillarge, of a bouquet in a beautiful silver holder, the gift of the city.

At 11:30, the Vice-royal party arrived at the quarters specially prepared for them in the famous citadel which they will occupy during their visit. A guard of honor has been established at the citadel and much military activity prevails. The apartments occupied by the Marquis and the Princess have undergone but little transformation since Lord Dufferin and suite were housed there, but all the changes effected have been after plans devised by the Princess. A beautiful carpet, in one piece, which covers the drawing-room, was made in England from a painted design of Her Royal Highness. Besides the apartments reserved for the Governor-General and suite, others have been put in readiness for the father and two sisters of His Excellency—the Duke of Argyll and Lady Mary Campbell and Lady Elizabeth Campbell—who reached Quebec on Monday, June 9th, from Niagara Falls and Montreal.

The City of Quebec is composed of two towns, the lower and the upper—the lower, skirting the river, is built for the most part on piles; its quays are crowded with merchantmen and ocean steamers; the streets are narrow, close together, but lined with large, massive stores, in which are displayed the silks, velvets and fine linens, the gems, pearls and gold, of Europe and of the further East. Here, too, are the Custom Houses, the Queen's bonded warehouses and the public appraisers' offices, all of stone, and erected in the most substantial and enduring manner. The upper town is several hundred feet above the lower, is built upon a rock like the nest of an eagle, and is surrounded throughout the whole extent by a long and lofty wall bristling with cannon, and was formerly entered alone by gates. One of these, St. John's gate, is alone standing. It is the proper thing for the tourist, the moment the vessel is moored at the quay, to disembark hastily and hurry to the lofty platform of Dufferin Terrace. The eagerness is well repaid. Behind the upper

city, with its palaces and steeples, on the right hand, lie the great granite fortifications bristling with cannon; hundreds of feet below lies the lower city, its streets looking like lines of thread, its houses like the peaked tops of hen-coops, its carriages and horses like snails. Beyond this the great river, with its fleets of merchantmen and ocean steamers; beyond this again a broad and beautiful bay; beyond this the fair young city of Point Lévis, with its domes and spires; beyond this a green-clad plain; beyond this the mountains, growing purple in the morning light. On the left the waters of the St. Charles are seen mingling with those of the St. Lawrence; further on the long and fertile valley of the St. Charles, with its cottages and mansions; the Falls of Montmorency, and the lofty heights of Beaufort and the Island of Orleans; beyond this a broad and rich country, and far, far away, in the dim distance, the purple tops of the long and lofty range of the Laurentine Mountains.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Tempel, of Florence, has announced the discovery of a double nebula, observed on March 14th, near the nebula Herschel II, 32. It was at first supposed to be a faint comet.

The Farmers of Victoria, Australia, are so desirous of acquiring a knowledge of agricultural chemistry that they travel 40 or 50 miles to hear Mr. MacIvor, formerly of Anderson's College, Glasgow, Scotland, lecture on the subject.

Mr. Keith Johnson, the chief of the English expedition to Eastern Africa, has taken into his service Chuma, the old companion of Dr. Livingstone, and a man who, without doubt, will carry the explorer over many difficulties which would otherwise, perhaps, be insurmountable.

The Congress of Commercial Geography, to be held at Brussels in September, will be presided over, not by M. Bamps, but by Lieutenant-General Lagre, President of the Belgian Geographical Society and perpetual Secretary of the Belgian Academy of Sciences. M. du Fief will act as secretary.

The Italian Authorities and public are awakening to the necessity of taking steps to ameliorate the sanitary condition of Rome, where the death rate is from 35 to 36 in the 1,000 to 22 in London. Such a course is rendered the more imperative by the growing population. In 1874 it was 248,000; now it is 270,000.

News has been received from Japan that two very rich seams of coal have just been discovered in the celebrated Takashima mines. It is estimated that they will produce fully a million tons of coal. It is also reported that active measures are being taken for throwing open to foreign commerce the ports of Tsuruga and Shimonoseki.

The New Nautical Instrument, the navisphere, has been brought to the attention of the French Academy. It indicates without calculation the names of the stars above the horizon at a given moment, with altitude and azimuth, the angle of route for going from one point to another by the arc of a great circle, and the distance between these points, etc.

A British Naval Surgeon, Dr. Beveridge, states that for foreign bodies in the throat, such as pieces of meat, etc., a simple mode of relief is to blow forcibly into the ear. This excites powerful reflex action, during which the foreign body is expelled from the trachea. The plan is so easy of execution that, if there is anything in it, it ought to be generally known and applied.

The International Congress of Americanists will be held in Brussels from September 23d to 26th, under the patronage of the King of Belgium and the presidency of the Count of Flanders. The object of the Society of Americanists is to promote a knowledge of the early history of discovery and settlement on this continent, and to collect all such facts of a prehistoric kind as may be learned from ruins of ancient structures, etc.

The Russian Grain Crops are suffering from the ravages of a small coleopterous insect which propagates with great rapidity. In 1877 a reward was offered in some localities of ten copecks for every quart of the insect collected, and 10,000,000 roubles were paid out in accordance with the proclamation. One-third of the entire wheat crop in Southern Russia is threatened. Very little is yet known of the habits or customs of the insect.

The Cricket Invasion of Algeria in 1866 cost the Government 5,000,000 francs, and 200,000 of the natives died of starvation. A single band of these animals was estimated to contain 50,000 tons of them, and the nitrogen of them to weigh 1,000. Nets have been patented in France, so that in case of another invasion this valuable manurial agent may not be lost. The crickets are caught in the angles of the nets and fall down into a pit, where they are to be treated with green vitriol.

The Latest Reports of the excavations at Olympia show that the Helot habitations to the south and southeast of the Temple of Zeus were particularly dense and extensive. Besides this, some very important additions to the sculptures of the pediment group have been found; among them the body of the centaur who steals the boy, a large portion of the recumbent old man, and an arm of one of the Lapiths. All these are being cast in plaster, and are to be removed to Berlin shortly and fitted into their respective places.

A Leading English Paper Manufacturer is endeavoring to induce capitalists to utilize the jungles of bamboo in India and British Burmah. The young shoots of the jungle grass yield a fibre excellently adapted to paper-making, and at a cost, compared with esparto grass, in the proportion of £7.50 to £60 a ton. The latter grass comes principally from Algeria and other Barbary States, and, in addition to being unsatisfactory in quality, a sufficient quantity cannot be obtained. English paper-makers are, therefore, often driven to manufacture with wood fibre and China clay.

Herr Carl Bock, who, at the request of the late Marquis of Tweeddale, has spent eight months in exploring the highlands of Sumatra, has returned to Padang with a rich collection of natural history specimens. Among other living animals he has secured a specimen of the *Capricornis sumatrensis*, which is peculiar to the island. It is a species of mountain antelope, rarely met with, and only among the most remote and almost inaccessible peaks. Herr Bock was traveling in Lapland in the Autumn of 1877, under the 71st parallel of north latitude. The Autumn of 1878 was spent by him under the first parallel of south latitude.

Cholera has been making fearful havoc among the pilgrims returning from the Hurdwar fair, and is being spread by them through Northern India. It is asserted that between 20,000 and 30,000 hillmen from the Himalayan districts near Nynas Tal died on their homeward journey. Several cases, of some of them fatal, appeared among the Fifteenth Hussars almost immediately after their arrival at Meerut from Candahar, and it is supposed that the outbreak is due to some men having traveled from Mooltan in railway carriages which had been used by infected pilgrims. The disease has appeared in most cities of the Punjab, and the fear of the spread of the epidemic to Peshawar has induced the authorities to remove the greater portion of the garrison there.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GUZMAN BLANCO was installed as Provisional President of Venezuela on May 12th.

THE venerable Simon Cameron is engaged in running a tobacco farm at Lancaster, Pa.

W. B. RICHMOND is the name of Mr. Ruskin's successor as the Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford.

GENERAL F. C. LATROBE has been renominated by acclamation as the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Baltimore.

MISS BETTIE EVARTS, one of the Secretary's daughters, a graceful, blonde young lady, is engaged to marry Mr. Edward Perkins, of Boston.

JAMES ORTON WOODRUFF, the projector of the Woodruff Scientific Expedition around the world, died in New York on June 4th, of brain fever, induced by overwork and the failure of his costly scheme. He was thirty-nine years of age.

M. WALLON, formerly the French Minister of Public Instruction, is spoken of as a candidate for a seat in the Academy. He is often called the "Father of the Constitution," and his principal literary work is the "Life of Joan of Arc."

SEÑOR DON EMILIO CASTELAR has requested permission to postpone his lectures on Spanish Literature, at the Taylor and Randolph Institution, until the next term, on account of ill-health and his inability to quit the Cortes while the Cuban slavery question is under discussion.

THE Rev. Olympia Brown-Willis, pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd at Racine, Wis., has received a vote of thanks from the church for the manner in which she has performed her duties during the last year, and an invitation to act as pastor for another year, with an increased salary.

THE Rev. Henry L. Morehouse, pastor of the East Avenue Baptist Church of Rochester, N. Y., has accepted the office of corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, to which he was elected at the Saratoga meeting of the society, and entered upon his new duties.

THE ex-King of the Loo-Choo Islands, who was recently summoned to Japan, pleads illness, and has sent his eldest son, fifteen years of age, in his place. He has been received by the Mikado and ordered to await the arrival of his father in Tokyo, when both will be invested with rank and title as Japanese noblemen of the highest class.

PROFESSORS GOODWIN and GREENOUGH, of Harvard College; Professors Whitney and Carter, of Yale College; Dr. Kendrick, of Washington University; Dr. Willing, President of Columbia College, Washington, D. C.; Professor Short, of Columbia College, New York, and many others, will attend the annual session of the American Philological Association which will begin at Newport, R. I., on the 15th of June.

THE Turkish Ambassador, M. Musurus, is Dean of the foreign envoys accredited to London, where he has represented Turkey some forty years. He is much more an Englishman than a Turk, and one of his daughters is married to Mr. Heriot (son of an Episcopal clergyman), whose sister married Lord Wentworth, Byron's grandson. The Turkish Embassy is a very large abode in Bryanston Square, north of Hyde Park.

GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS, late United States Senator from Missouri, died suddenly at Ottumwa, Ia., on June 1st. Throughout the day he appeared in his usual health, ate a hearty supper at six o'clock, and wrote several letters; but just before retiring he complained of a pain in the chest, and soon thereafter said to his niece that he was dying, and in thirty minutes expired sitting in his chair, remaining conscious to the last. He lectured at Ottumwa on the previous Wednesday, and had remained visiting relatives.

MAJOR CAVAGNARI, the distinguished Indian officer who negotiated the terms of peace with Yakob Khan at Gundamak, is an Englishman by birth, his father having been a Genoese, who came to settle in London from the north of Italy after the overthrow of the French Empire. He entered the military service of the East India Company in April, 1858. For his service on the frontier he was recommended by Lord Mayo for a Companionship in the Order of the Star of India, which decoration was conferred on him on January 1st, 1877. He was last year appointed second member of Sir Neville Chamberlain's mission to Cabul.

DR. PIERRE ADOLPHE PIERRET, the eminent French medical writer, whose death has been announced, was born at Poitiers, December 31st, 1794, and received his degree of Doctor of Medicine at Paris in 1816. Progressive in his views, he did much in improving medical science and practice, and attained the position of being one of the foremost physicians in France. He held several important positions in connection with the hospitals, was a member of the Academy of Medicine and an officer of the Legion of Honor. A number of valuable medical works have been produced by his pen, and he was also given to poetical composition.

THE concessions of Governor General Aleko Pasha in not hoisting the Turkish flag and not wearing the fez cap have produced a very bad effect at Constantinople, especially on the Sultan, who seems to attach far greater importance to these matters than his ministers. The Sultan is said to be determined to insist on the hoisting of the Turkish flag. It is said that stringent instructions to that effect have already been sent to Aleko Pasha. It is also intended to lay the case before the Powers. Aleko's conduct is considered insulting, and as a first step in a movement which in the end will render the Porte's authority altogether illusory.

GOVERNOR DREW, of Florida, has a handsomely improved farm of 60,000 acres near Ellaville, and employs four hundred men in cutting logs and sawing them into lumber. His employes live in neat cottages built by him, for which he charges no rent. He is now constructing a tramway eight miles in length into the timber, and the trees of convenient access to it will be felled and the logs conveyed by it to his mill. When the trees are exhausted on this line the tramway will be removed and run out in another direction. The lumber is taken in cars to Jacksonville, and there placed in schooners for New York, twelve or fifteen of which are loading or under way all the time. The Governor is a native of New Hampshire.

THE late William Sloane, of New York, bequeathed to the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, \$20,000; to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, \$30,000; to the Presbyterian Board of Domestic Missions, \$30,000; to the Presbyterian Board of Church Sustentation, \$10,000; to the Presbyterian Board of Church Extension, \$10,000; to the Presbyterian Ministerial Relief Association, \$10,000; to the Presbyterian Home for Aged Women, \$5,000; to the American Sunday-school Union, \$10,000; to the New York Tract Society, \$5,000; to the Seamen's Society, \$5,000; to St. Andrew's Society, \$5,000; to the New York Bible Society, \$20,000. A notable feature of the will is a bequest of about \$35,000, divided among ten or fifteen persons who had been in his employ. Some of these were associated with him for nearly a quarter of a century. The bequests to this class of legatees range from \$500 up to \$5,000.



THE PLANTATION ON THE SHORES OF LAKE KILLARNEY — BUYERS MEASURING THE STANDING FRUIT.

THE PINE-APPLE TRADE IN THE BAHAMAS.

BY MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

DURING our recent trip to Nassau and the Bahama Islands, the artist and I spent a very enjoyable day amongst the pines—not those odoriferous trees beneath whose turpentine shades consumptive invalids ebb their life-breath away, but in the midst of fragrant pine-apples, which we visited on their native heath, criticised in the bud, admired in the stem, and tasted in the—can. Hiring a con-

sciently a near relative to those celebrated lakes over the beauties of which the American tourist so fondly loves to linger. We found the plantation quite an original and peculiar sight, the leaves, blossoms, and young fruit all brilliantly colored in green, purple, pink and yellow, each pine seated royally upon its throne of sword-like leaves, and ripening in a leisurely and arrogant fashion of its own, promising maturity about midsummer.

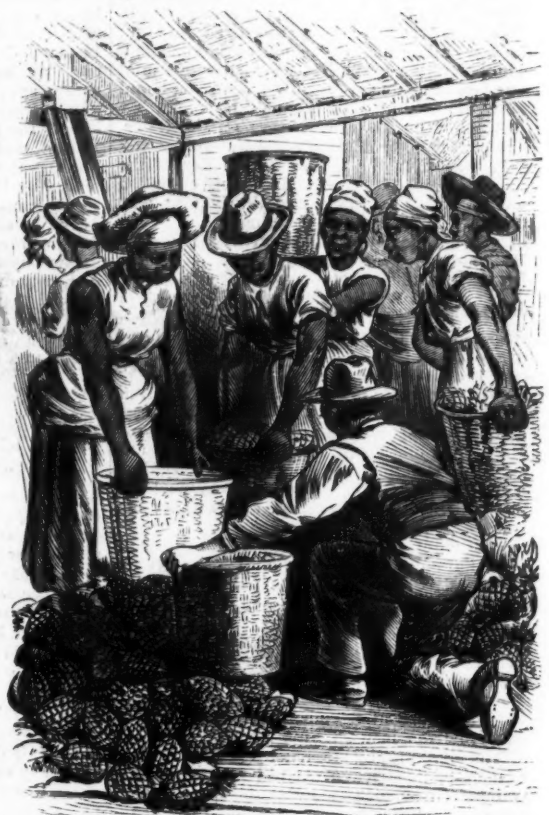
The overseer received us most courteously, and our tour, like that of one of Cook's, was "personally conducted." With considerable prickings, not of

mammées, alligator pears, soursops, Jamaica apples, grape-fruits, star apples and several other varieties, being mostly consumed at home.

The most extensive orchards are on the other islands of the group known here as the Outside Islands, and trading schooners go round from island to island, collecting their cargoes piecemeal and making separate bargains with each fruit-grower.

We boarded a sloop trading in pines, and it was as good as "Pinafore" to hear that captain sing out. Surrounded by gesticulating darkeys, picturesquely attired and in animated groups, each particular darkey having pine-apples to dispose of, and each howling at the top of his or her voice: "Dar's de pine for de money," "Here's lubby fruit," "Take dis one, cap," "Dere's juice for ye, honey," "Grown 'em myself, cap," "Dar ain't such pines as dese on d'island," "Gib dis child a chance, cap," the captain, roaring louder than the chorus, named his lowest price, and in spite of entreaties, suggestions, denunciations, howls of scorn, expressions of contempt, and other indications of popular resentment, held on to his offer; and ere we quitted the deck of his tight little craft her hold was crammed full of the selected apples. "I guess I'll lose thirty per cent. on the voyage," observed the captain, "but you see, gents, I bought at low water from those blamed niggers."

We visited the extensive canning firm of Smith & Wicks, of Baltimore, situated on Bay Street, in Nassau, which, during the year 1878, canned 700,000 pines. This firm do a very large foreign trade, especially with England and Scotland—nor is Germany at all satisfied with the quantity they are at present enabled to send her. Their brand is the "Bahama Brand," the agents for England being A. W. Latham & Co., London, and for Germany, Schmidt, Silcox & Co., Bremen. The process of canning pines is somewhat elaborate. The ripe fruit is brought in from the surrounding plantations on donkey-carts, or it is delivered at the wharf from boats coming from the Outside



GIVING OUT THE PINE-APPLES TO BE PARED, SLICED AND CANNED.

veyance in Nassau, we drove five miles to a picturesque plantation, situated on the shores of an exquisite sheet of water, smooth as a mirror and glittering with sun-sparks, called Lake Killarney, which, from its strong family resemblance, is evi-

conscience, but of the spiky and vicious thorns bristling upon the sword-like leaves, we plunged through acres of pines, admiring the coniferous plants, now stopping to "tap" a prize specimen of a glorious orange-yellow, suggestive of golden syrup; now halting to criticise a sucking youngster, still green, but promising great things. The dealers pass through plantations much as we did, making notes of area, space, size and condition of the plants. Measurements are taken, calculations are made and entered in a book kept for that purpose; estimates are rapidly conjectured as to ripening, and agreements ratified on the spot.

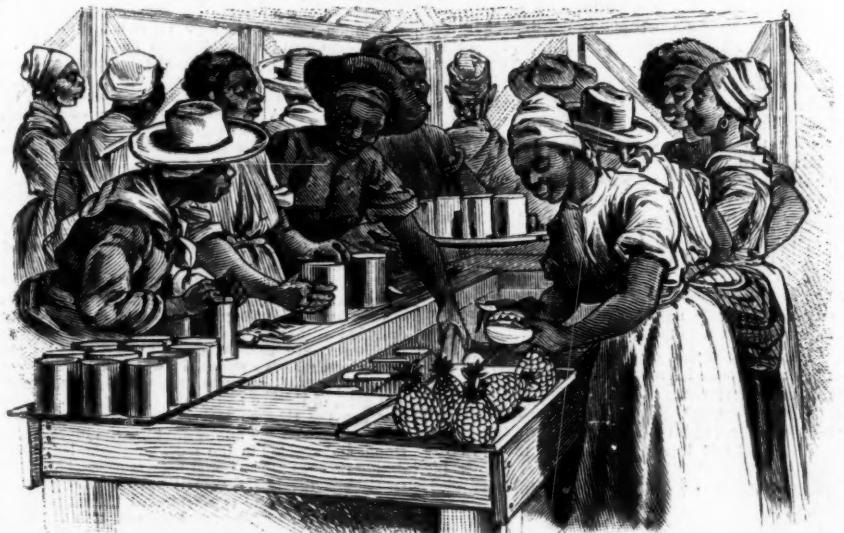
The overseer of this plantation estimates that he shall cut from seventy to eighty thousand dozen pines this year, and informed us that during last season fifteen cargoes of fresh fruit, and forty thousand dozen cans of preserved pine-apples were shipped by the owner of the estate.

The fruit trade of these islands is quite large, but carried on in a desultory and uncertain fashion; oranges, lemons, bananas, pine-apples and coconuts are the principal exports; the softer fruits, as sapadillos, guavas,

Islands, the natives bearing it on their shoulders in baskets to the shore, where it is somewhat unceremoniously dumped beneath a shed. No pine-apple below a certain standard is ever taken. Tables are ranged along the wharf, at which women and girls stand in readiness to receive the fruit, which is handed to each "parer" in a basket, and with it a



NEGROES PARING THE FRUIT FOR THE SLICERS AND CANNERS.



SLICING AND CANNING THE FRUIT FOR EXPORT.

THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.—THE CULTIVATION AND SHIPMENT OF PINE-APPLES FOR THE UNITED STATES—MODES OF PREPARING THE FRUIT AT NASSAU. FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.



FILLING CANS OF SLICED FRUIT WITH SYRUP.



WEIGHING THE CANS, WHEN FILLED AND SEALED.

in check, good at the office for a certain stated amount. The "parers" operate on the tough-skinned fruit with wondrous dexterity and marvelous rapidity. How they cut and slash and chop so swiftly without lopping off slices of their own flesh, is a marvel to the writer. They stand at the tables, each operator placing her pines in position, and in a few minutes the fruit is as innocent of cuticle as a billiard-ball. The ladies lighten their labors by that which is so dear to every daughter of Eve—gossip. Sometimes a song is introduced, while that peculiar laughter, so feebly imitated by even the best negro-delineators, rings and yaw-yaws, till the blue waves re-echo it to the glistening beach. In an adjoining shed, to which the pared pines are conveyed, is a long counter laden with the cans that are to travel from "Indus to the Pole." Behind this counter, and beside the cases of pared pines, stands a small regiment of "slicers," whose business it is to slice the fruit, and place it, when sliced, in the cans. This movement is one of extreme celerity, and again do we expect to see human fingers sent flying into the cans along with the yellow-white fruit disks. When the pines pass the "slicers," the cans, still open, are transferred to another department to be filled with syrup which is ladled into each by a dipper. This syrup is manufactured of pure rain-water, caught for the purpose in cisterns lined with hydraulic cement, and sugar of the very highest standard of quality. Two



THE CAPTAIN OF A TRADING SLOOP BARGAINING WITH NEGROES FOR A CARGO OF PINE-APPLES, AT NASSAU.

experts are continually employed in ladling the syrup from miniature vats into the cans. Now comes the process of sealing the tops of the cans. In a long, well-ventilated shed, several men stand opposite small charcoal furnaces. A number of cans are placed by assistants upon the shining counter, and as fast as is possible, consistent with effective work, the sealer dexterously manipulates the loosely topped cans with the fiery breath of the furnace rod which fastens on the tops, the solder doing the rest. The cans are then weighed and passed on to the boiling-room, an apartment in which we did not linger one second longer than it was absolutely necessary to the purpose of our visit. Enormous caldrons, half full of madly boiling water, stand imbedded in the floor; over each caldron tangle for lifting and lowering the iron vessel containing the cans. When the vessel is filled, it is lowered into the boiling water, where it remains until the air within each can becomes expanded—the space of four or five minutes; then the caldron is hoisted high and dry, and a hole punctured in the top of each can to permit the air to escape, this hole being instantly resoldered, when the cans are again lowered into the caldron, where they remain until the fruit is completely cooked. All these departments of labor, of course, require skill and system in execution. The labeling next takes place, after this the packing in cases, and then comes the shipment; the great house of



SEALING THE CANS BEFORE SENDING THEM TO THE BOILER.



SWINGING A CRATE OF CANS INTO THE BOILER.

THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.—THE CULTIVATION AND SHIPMENT OF PINE-APPLES FOR THE UNITED STATES—MODES OF PREPARING THE FRUIT AT NASSAU.
FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.

H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co., in New York, taking a considerable portion of the year's packing. Thanks to the perfect system of canning and exporting the pine-apple, it is now within easy reach of poor as well as rich, and the wooden shanty and the brown-stone mansion can store this piquant delicacy with the assured conviction that at all times a delectable morsel may be summoned to aid in the development of the frugal meal, or in that of the lordly menu of fifteen courses.

ON THE ROAD TO LEADVILLE.

WEBSTER STATION, ON THE DENVER, SOUTH PARK AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE barriers that have hitherto separated Leadville from the outer world are being rapidly removed through the agency of the iron horse, and the terrible hardships which beset the road of the earlier pilgrims to this silver shrine reduced to a minimum. No longer do seventy miles intervene between the city and the nearest railway station. No longer do the machinery for crushing mills, the wagons containing provisions, the vehicles conveying the impedimenta of embryo miners, toil up steep ascents indented with ruts "wide as a church door," or dare the desperate curves overhanging startling precipices! We have changed all that, and to-day the shrill whistle of the locomotive may be heard by the thousands of toilers for wealth as they dig and delve and burrow in the bowels of the earth for that which means light and life. The station at Webster on the South Park and Pacific Railroad, which we illustrate on page 261, was the terminal point of the line, but on the 19th of May the first passenger train reached the Kenosha Summit, 10,140 feet above the sea level, the highest point yet attained by a railroad in North America. To-day the track-laying in the direction of Leadville goes on at the rate of a mile a day, and ere this journal meets the reader's eye trains conveying thousands—their hearts leaping with the greed of gold—will be puffing, snorting, and whistling into this wondrous, all-wondrous city.

Webster in its day—how easy it is to speak of the past in this rushing age—presented many bizarre and picturesque sights. The pine-clad bluffs, the rude station, the stages packed full as sardine-boxes, the teams, the wagons, the newly-arrived silver-seekers panting to push on at any cost and in any mode, the freight, the successful miners returning to civilization, the haggard questioners, the yelling freighters, the bustle, hurry, turmoil and excitement, and the thousand and one "bits of color." Freighters who were charging six cents per pound from Webster to Leadville are now frozen out, and the thousands of horses and mules employed on this particular road will be transferred elsewhere. Leadville will, in the immediate future, be struck by three lines of railroad, and the experienced people say that there is silver for all who may elect to travel by them.

The Head of the Campbells.

THE Most Noble and Right Honorable George Douglas Campbell, eighth Duke of Argyll, born on the 30th of April, 1823, and the eldest son of John Douglas Henry Edward, seventh possessor of the dukedom since its creation, was but little more than twenty-three years of age when he succeeded to his long and magnificent array of titles, which include among them eight titles as baron, two as viscount, three as earl, two as marquess, and one as duke. The oldest barony, that of Campbell, dates back to 1445; the oldest earldom, that of Argyll, to 1457; the barony of Lorne dates back to 1475; but the most extraordinary accession of honors to the house of Campbell accrued in 1701, when the first of the house who wore the coronet of strawberry leaves was created at one and the same time Duke of Argyll, Marquis of Lorne and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount Lochow and Glenilla, and Baron Inverary, Mull, Morven and Tirey—all of the titles then and previously conferred upon the race being exclusively, however, in the peerage of Scotland. It was not until 1776 that a Duke of Argyll was enabled to take his place in the House of Lords, the duke at that time being created Baron Sundridge and Hamilton, in the peerage of Great Britain. It is Lord Sundridge that the Duke of Argyll takes his seat in the hereditary branch of the Legislature.

The Duke of Argyll first took his seat in the Cabinet in 1852, when, as Lord Privy Seal, he became a member of the Coalition Ministry under Lord Aberdeen's premiership, and held that position until 1855, when Lord Palmerston made him Postmaster-General. He resigned with Ministers in 1858, and, upon the restoration of Lord Palmerston to power in 1859 was replaced in his former post as Lord Privy Seal, and retained it uninterruptedly until 1866. Under the premiership of Mr. Gladstone the Duke of Argyll accepted, in 1866, the office of Secretary of State for India, and held that important post until the downfall of the Liberal Government in 1874.

The Duke of Argyll is or has been a Knight of the Thistle, Privy Councillor, LL.D., F.R.S., Trustee of the British Museum, Chancellor of the University of St. Andrew's, Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and in 1855 presided with conspicuous ability, at Glasgow, over the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The Duchess of Argyll, to whom the Duke was married in 1844, was Lady Elizabeth Georgiana Leveson-Gower, eldest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll have six daughters and five sons, of whom the eldest is the Marquis of Lorne, married to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise of England on the 21st of March, 1871.

FUN.

WHAT is it the sad sea waves?

A MONARCH of the seize—the sheriff.

STRIKERS are popular in no business but base ball.

CLARA MORRIS has fallen and broken her hip. Her neck is the only thing about her now that isn't smashed up.

AN OLD SONG.—In one of the countries the other day Robert Guille and Mary Williams were married. Now is she "Mary of R. Guille"?

"YES," said Mrs. Goodington, "the place is so sequestered that we are never annoyed by stray predestinations and people of that sort."

TIT FOR TAT.—Mamma (to Hamilton, who has been put in the corner because he would not say "please"): "You may come out now." Hamilton: "Not till you say 'Please,' mother."

THE Department of the Interior has just bought for the Indian Bureau twenty-six tons of Royal Baking Powder. "Ha'r raisin'" will be lively on the Plains this summer.

It is a beautiful sight to get up early in the morning and see the sun rise, but the wise man will continue to lie abed until the atmosphere is charged with the aroma of the breakfast coffee.

"WHAT will you take for twenty nights at San Francisco?" was the brief telegraphic query which some speculators dispatched to Southern, the actor. "Brandy-and-water," was the prompt response.

WHEN a milliner becomes musical, she at least has the honesty to warn the public of it by a sign—"Fluting done here"; how different is the course of the young man who studies this instrument; he would play till he died—and make no sign.

ELDER sister to little one, who appears to take great interest in Mr. Skibbans: "Come, little pet, it is time your eyes were shut in sleep." Little Pet: "I think not. Mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Skibbans were together."

IN New Zealand, as in California, the Chinaman abounds, and there too he has to resort to strategy to make good his position. It is related that in Otago, where Scotchmen are a majority of the colonists, a contract for grading a road was to be let, and the lowest bid was signed "M'Pherson." Notice was sent to the said M'Pherson to meet the board and complete the contract. In due time they met, but, behold, M'Pherson was yellow in hue and had an unmistakable pigtail! "But," gasped the president, "your name can't be M'Pherson?" "Alec lightee," cheerfully answered John; "nobody catches up contact in Otago unless the name Mac." The contract was signed.

FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A MAN WHO WON \$15,000 IN THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY DRAWING.—SINGULAR COMBINATION OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

FORTUNE'S favors are not confined to any particular locality. So thought Mr. P. M. Spinelli, of Brownsville, Texas, when he invested his money in a ticket which drew \$15,000 in the Louisiana Lottery. Mr. Spinelli is a lucky man, and it may interest our readers to be informed of the circumstances under which he added \$15,000 to his cash account.

A representative of the *Picayune* called last evening upon this gentleman, who was found at the City Hotel. The reporter was ushered into the presence of a handsome man, with the dark hair and complexion of the Italian type, who was apparently in the prime of life, and in excellent health.

A cordial shake of the hand and pleasant greeting was the reception which the reporter encountered, which encouraged him to inquire as to the antecedents of the favorite of fortune. Mr. Spinelli stated that he was a native of Nice, and was forty-seven years of age.

Observing the reporter's particular inquiries as to his age, nativity, etc., Mr. Spinelli said: "I know what you are after; you wish to make a combination of numbers to correspond with the winning number. Well, that is simple enough. The number which drew the capital prize this month was 47,579. I am 47 years of age, and this is the 5th month of the year '79."

"There you have the figures—47, 5, 79." Continuing his narration in response to the interrogations propounded by the *Picayune* representative, Mr. Spinelli said he was a man of family, and by occupation a commission merchant.

In 1874 he went to California, returning to Brownsville five or six months ago. In California he speculated considerably, but did not strike any bonanzas like the Louisiana Lottery.

To use his own words: "Have always been a prosperous man and made some good speculations in California, but struck no such bonanzas as the Louisiana Lottery, which puts \$15,000 into my cash account."

Mr. S. said that he had taken a ticket in the lottery drawing last November, and did not win anything, but he was amply repaid by his subsequent good fortune.

Being pressed to relate how he came to invest in the last drawing, he said: "I came across a two-dollar bill in Mexican currency, which is at a discount of twenty per cent. I thought I would not go to the trouble of changing it, and happening to notice in a New Orleans paper an advertisement of the drawing of the Louisiana Lottery, I wrote to the company inclosing the two-dollar bill. The mail boat having gone, I concluded to wait for the next steamer, and laid the letter on my table among a lot of papers. I had forgotten all about it until the day the steamer was about to leave."

"A gentleman who wished to send by the boat certain papers that I had, asked me if they were ready. In searching for them I noticed the letter I had written six or seven days before to the lottery company. I picked up the letter and mailed it."

"By the return steamer I did not get an answer, and, to tell you the truth, I thought the money was gobbled by some postmaster. But this turned out to be entirely incorrect."

"On May 13th, in the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, a telegram was received in Brownsville, stating that a certain number had won the \$30,000 prize. I remarked jocosely that I had won the prize. I was standing in front of the Post Office when the mail-wagon arrived."

"As soon as the mail was distributed I went to my box and found a letter containing two half tickets. I returned to my residence and looked at the tickets in my room, after which I put them in my pocket and went down-stairs."

"As I was leaving the house a friend of mine stopped me and said that the number telegraphed was not the correct one. He showed me No. 47,579 written on his shirt-cuff, which he said was the correct number winning the capital prize."

"I looked at my ticket, and saw I had won, but I did not let everybody know it. I kept mum, and the next morning I started for New Orleans. I arrived here yesterday, and to-day I went to the office of the Lottery Company. They gave me a check for \$15,000 as soon as I presented my ticket, and to-morrow morning I return to Brownsville richer by that amount."

"As I have to get up early in the morning, I will bid you good-night, and hope that you may have as good luck as I have had."

With these words Mr. Spinelli withdrew to prepare for an early start this morning.—*New Orleans Picayune*, May 23d.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE STATE. GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD, OF LOUISIANA, GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY, OF VIRGINIA,

have personally arranged all details of the extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company. New Orleans, Tuesday, June 17th: 11,279 prizes, amounting to \$522,500, including one Capital Prize of \$100,000; one Grand Prize of \$50,000; one Grand Prize of \$20,000, etc. Tickets, ten dollars (\$10); Halves, five dollars (\$5); Fifths, two dollars (\$2); Tenths, one dollar (\$1).

Write for circulars, or send address to M. A. DARTMOUTH, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La., or same at 319 Broadway, New York.

LOST SEVEN POUNDS IN THREE WEEKS.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT is a genuine medicine, and will reduce corpulence from two to five pounds per week. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, acting entirely on the food in the stomach, preventing the formation of fat. It is also a positive remedy for dyspepsia and rheumatism.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 11th, 1878.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—The lady alluded to lost seven pounds in three weeks, by the use of Allan's Anti-Fat. Yours truly, SMITH, DOOLITTLE & SMITH, Wholesale Druggists.

A CLEVER contemporaneous writer instances three paramount illustrations of great executive faculty and knowledge: To lead a grand army successfully in the field; to conduct a great manufacturing establishment, and the competent management of a vast hotel. Had he descended to further detail, the St. NICHOLAS HOTEL of New York would have been singled out. No hotel in the country has a higher and better-deserved reputation.

PARENTS, do not use vile drugs or nostrums in your families, but use pure Hop Bitters.

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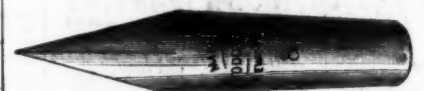
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